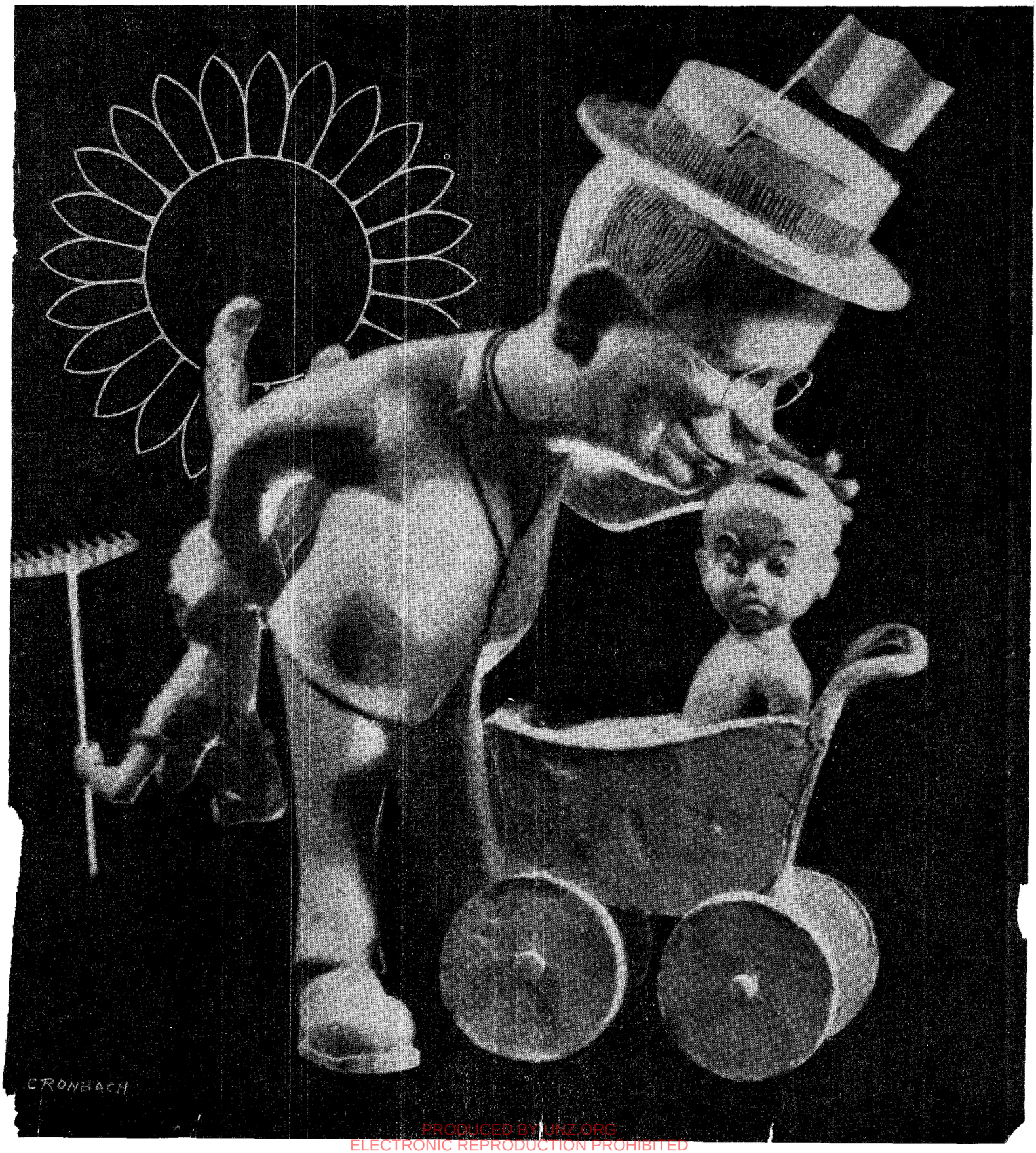
ohn Strachey | Robert Forsythe | Mary van Kleeck

NEW MASSES

CTOBER 13, 1936 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY



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BETWEEN OURSELVES

IT was a cold rainy night. The Committee of Professional Groups for Browder and Ford had gathered at a member's home to put finishing touches on plans for the meeting in New York's Town Hall last Sunday night, which was such a success. Alexander Trachtenberg of the Communist Party election committee was invited, but had not put in an appearance. The evening wore on and the rain poured down, but no Trachtenberg. At 11:30, when half the group had gone home, Trachtenberg arrived. He had been burning the wires to Terre Haute, where Browder and Waldo Frank of the Committee had been jailed, arranging for Browder's speech to be

broadcast by on-the-spot Attorney Bentall. Coming in out of the cold and wet, Trachtenberg was beaming. "Earl's being held incommunicado," he said, "but I spoke to him on the telephone twice. I heard from the lawyer that they weren't allowing him to see Browder. I called Long Distance and told her I wanted to speak to Mr. Browder, who was in the city jail or the county jail or in the police station at Terre Haute. In a few minutes the phone rang, and a voice said, 'Hello, Alex, this is Earl.' He said he could take a rest while the rest of us got busy to get him out. Then I called the broadcasting station and we had a long argument about whether the speech would go on. They said the contract called for Browder to make the address. Finally they agreed to let Bentall read Browder's speech if he arrived on time. I couldn't locate him, but when I called the station back, I heard him making the broadcast. The best part of the whole thing is that the speech, written weeks ago, contained a number of references to the civil liberties question in Terre Haute. The whole affair is bound to work in our favor."

It was a warm sunny morning. On the steps of the trainshed in Pennsylvania stood Freeman, Willner, and Taylor of the NEW MASSES staff, along with other members of the Committee of Professional Groups and 300 other rooters, sleepy-eyed from their 6:30 reveille, waiting for Browder, Frank, and Seymour Waldman (Browder's constant companion on his speaking tour) to come up the steps. Seventy-five bluecoats held the crowd back. Suddenly the crowd broke into the "Internationale" as the heroes of the Battle of Terre Haute came swinging upstairs. The reporters asked questions and Browder answered: "No, gentlemen, there was no rough stuff in the Terre Haute jail. You see, this was a post-graduate course. . . . It wasn't bad except for the lice. . . . The food? I'd rather not talk about it. . . . It wasn't a bad experience. On the contrary, it was very instructive. I think every presidential candidate should spend at least one day in jail. It would teach him a lot. . . . Al S[illegible] speech? It's the same speech he [illegible] to the du Pont family last Ja[illegible] and that he's been making ever[illegible] . . . Smith vindictive? I'm not [illegible]ested in his personal feelings, I [illegible]terested in what he represents. [illegible] represents the du Pont family. Th[illegible] stant raising of the Red scare against Roosevelt is a mask for the disunity in the Landon camp. Did you see Walter Lippmann's rebuke to Landon yesterday? Did you see the Hearst attack on the Landon currency platform? I should characterize Smith's speech as political desperation. . . . Who will win the election? It looks pretty close. Ninety percent of the newspapers are backing Landon, and great wealth is backing him. Whether that will give him enough strength to win, however, is a question. . . . Now, gentlemen, you must excuse me while I go to the delousing station. Thank you, and I hope we meet again under pleasanter circumstances."

And then the luncheon, later the same day, of the Professional Committee for Browder and Ford, with Artist-Writer-Carpenter Rockwell Kent in the chair telling how a New York Republican judge admitted that his party's support would come from the most ignorant and unthinking. And Browder, guest of honor, saying: "This Terre Haute incident is valuable because it brings to the attention of the whole nation the basic issue of the campaign, the question of civil rights in the face of the growing fascist menace in our country. As Waldo Frank said, the story had a happy ending, but it was an ugly story. It would be well if the Terre Haute affair, small in itself but large in its implications, could be used to compel every American, including the governor of a typical prairie state and the candidate for reëlection to the presidency, to answer yes or no on this question of civil rights."

Who's Who

LOREN MILLER is a Negro writer now in California. He has been for some time a contributing editor of the NEW MASSES, and before that was a staff editor.

Beth McHenry has contributed to our columns before, and has written for the *Daily* and *Sunday Worker*.

Grace Hutchins has contributed to the NEW MASSES before, not only in her own name, but, along with other members of the staff of the Labor Research Association, has frequently been responsible for much of the material which, in its finished form, has been contributed to these columns by some other writer.

Mary van Kleeck was a close friend of the late Dr. Frankwood Williams for years, and as head of the Inter-Professional Association is in a position to speak with authority on Dr. Williams's steady emergence as a champion of progress.

Three new contributors to our Review and Comment department make their debut in this week's issue. They are Robert Conyne, Charles Talbot, and Marjorie Brace. Miss Brace will be known to many NEW MASSES readers for her verse and critical writings which have been published elsewhere.

Hugo Gellert has written and drawn a bookful of fables like (but not including) the one on Al Smith in this issue. It's to be called *Aesop Said So*, and Covici, Friede will publish it October 25.

What's What

FUNDS for the Browder broadcast to the middle class sponsored jointly by the NEW MASSES and the Committee of Professional Groups for Browder and Ford (see ad, page 24) have come to a total of only some $800 thus far. The broadcast will cost $4300, so don't delay. The Committee in New York will give a banquet on October 28 at which Browder will be the chief speaker. The details of this affair are given in the ad on page 30.

Editor Joseph Freeman's autobiography, *An American Testament*, which Farrar & Rinehart will publish October 19, is the Book Union choice for October.

By way of warning: don't send cash to the NEW MASSES in payment for subscriptions or anything else. We had one disagreeable experience when some hundreds of dollars were pilfered en route to this office. Send check or money orders. Postage stamps will be accepted in amounts not exceeding $1.

Flashbacks

THE World Series fell near the anniversary of a notable double-header featured in Washington, October 14 last year, by the veteran Supreme Court Nine. The Old Men, despite the

strain, which was increased by having to be umpires as well as players, rolled up a heavy score. Clinching the opener 6 to 3, they sent Georgia's Angelo Herndon clanking back to the chain gang. In a quick follow up, they gave Tom Mooney the bum's rush, sending him back to California where he came from. . . . Ten years ago (Oct. 12, 1926) Eugene V. Debs, America's best-loved labor leader and most brilliant industrial unionist, died. In 1920, when he was federal prisoner No. 9653, Debs polled this country's record radical vote as Socialist nominee for president. "I am a Bolshevik from the crown of my head to the tips of my toes," he said after the revolution in Russia.

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NEW MASSES
OCTOBER 13, 1936

William Sanderson

Spain and History

A brilliant English political economist draws some inferences about the present situation in the light of Marxist doctrine

By John Strachey

ON the 19th of July the generals of the Spanish army led their men into the streets of every city of Spain in an attempt to overthrow the liberal government then in power and establish a fascist dictatorship.

Since that day civil war has flowed backwards and forwards across the peninsula. On this traditional battleground of Europe there is being fought out one of those wars of classes and ideals by which the fate of Europe has often been decided.

The Spanish war is being waged with passion and ferocity. The fascists have shown that perfect disregard of human life, that entire willingness to massacre whole populations if it serves their end, which we have learnt to expect of these last, desperate defenders of a dying social order. The Spanish workers, on their side, seem at first to have waged the war in an extremely humanitarian, not to say amateurish, spirit. They spared ancient monuments from bombardment and released prisoners and hostages. As the struggle has grown fiercer such conduct has rightly given way to a more realistic spirit. The Spanish workers now know that they can expect nothing but death if they do not conquer. Accordingly they have turned especially upon the fascist sympathizers in their midst, determined to end the possibility of treachery within their own territories. This was a first necessity if they were to have any hope of preventing their own destruction. They are being accused of "Red terrorism," and endless sympathy is being lavished on the fascist supporters who have now been executed or imprisoned. I for my part can find no sympathy for the friends of those who, to protect their own incomes, have plunged their country into blood. All my sympathy is required for those who have been forced to give their blood to prevent the rebels from doing their will upon the people of Spain.

Marx, writing in the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* of the 1848 rising, has a fine passage in which he speaks of those who fell amongst the counter-revolutionary forces. "The official press will declare them immortal and the European reaction from East to West will sing their praises. On the other hand it is the privilege and right of the democratic press to place the laurel wreaths on the lowering brows of the plebeians tortured with the pangs of hunger, despised by the official press, abandoned by the doctors, abused as thieves, vandals and galley-slaves."

IF WE FEEL THUS of those who are fighting in Spain, how can we express our feelings about those members of the European governing class who chose to witness the desperate and bloody battles before Irun from across the French frontier? What are we to think of the curious bathers of Biarritz and the inquisitive golfers of St. Jean de Luz? Again our feelings have been perfectly expressed by Marx. Does not this paraphrase of Marx's description of those French bourgeois who watched the crushing of the Paris Commune express our present feelings almost perfectly?

"The Europe of Stavisky finance, the Europe of international gamblers, male or female—the rich, the capitalists, the gilded, the idle Europe now thronging with its lackeys, its literary *bohème,* and its cocottes at Biarritz and St. Jean de Luz, considering the civil war but an agreeable diversion, eyeing the battle going on through telescopes, counting the rounds of cannon, and swearing by their own honor, and that of their prostitutes, that the performance was far better got up than at Hollywood. The men who fell were really dead; the cries of the wounded were cries in good earnest; and besides the whole thing was so intensely historical. . . ."

WE ARE TOLD by our rulers that this is a struggle between fascism and communism; that the role of English and American democrats can only be to look on at it in self-satisfied abhorrence. This view can only be maintained by a firm refusal to recognize the actual

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facts of what has happened in Spain. Civil war broke out—as no one can deny, but as no one in authority will ever admit if he can help it—because the legally elected, constitutional, liberal Government of Spain was moving, with all the timidity and hesitance characteristic of such governments, towards some curtailment of the property rights of the Spanish owning class in general, and of the Spanish landlords in particular.

Thus from one aspect the struggle is unquestionably being waged upon the issue of whether a people has the right to modify by popular vote the existing economic system, and the property rights associated with that system. In a word, is the self-government of the people of western democracies an illusion or a reality? Can they decide upon the economic and social system of their country? Or are they only allowed to hold the semblance of self-government so long as they do not infringe on the property rights of the owners of the means of production?

The spokesmen of the left-wing liberal and democratic opinion are a thousand times right when they proclaim that the issue of democracy itself is at stake. For they have always assured us that western democracy was a reality; that the people had only to vote for any economic and social change which it might desire, to see that change effected. This argument has again and again been used to refute our contention that the rule of the capitalist class is a more important reality than the franchise. Hence, from one point of view, the struggle of the Spanish government is above all else a struggle to preserve the democratic principle. If the Spanish generals are permitted by the tolerance of the democratic states and the unlimited support of the fascist powers to overthrow the government of Spain, then another and perhaps mortal blow at democracy will have been struck.

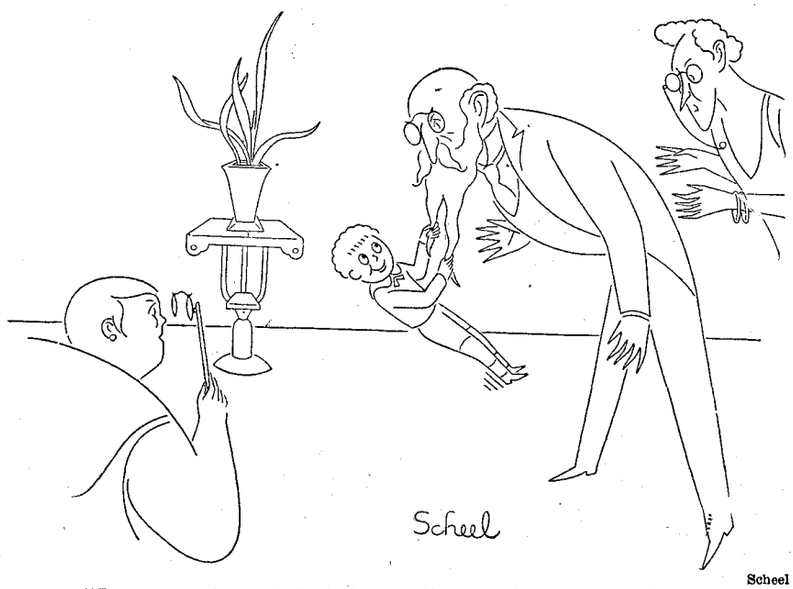
IT IS TRUE that another group of commentators on the Spanish civil war take a very different view. Mr. Winston Churchill, the ablest spokesman of the British governing class, tells us, for example, that all this talk about the Spanish government standing for the democratic principle is nonsense. The Spanish civil war is an open and direct outbreak of the class struggle. On the one side are the Spanish workers fighting for communism, and on the other side are the Spanish capitalists fighting for fascism. One's sympathies may be on one side or the other, but no question of legality arises. For once the issue of property is at stake, such abstractions as democracy and legality fade into the background. Force and violence are then the only realities. The class struggle must be fought out.

Now this is a very interesting view. Indeed it is so interesting that most of the commentators in the British Conservative press have not cared to express it with any great degree of clarity. (Mr. Churchill often utters truths which his colleagues feel might be better left unsaid.) Those of us who believe that the Marxist analysis of contemporary society is the only valid one will feel no impulse to deny the general truth of Mr. Churchill's view. We, and we alone, have been preaching that the issue between capitalism and socialism was inescapably and always an issue of class power. Hitherto, however, nothing which we have said has excited more universal and passionate denial than this. From the British cabinet ministers, liberal professors, and titled trades unionists have come violent protests. Our assertion that once the property of the capitalists was put in question they would have not the slightest regard for Constitutions, democratic principles, or Bills of Rights, has been almost universally denounced as a vile imputation. We have been told that, on the contrary, Britain is now a real democracy; that under our universal franchise everything is possible, so soon as a majority of the electorate has been won.

Now, however, when democratic opinion in Britain invokes the principles of legality, democracy, and constitutionalism on behalf of the Spanish government; when liberals ask that the elementary usages of international law should be applied to that government, we are blandly told that since fundamental property rights are at stake in Spain, such things as legality and democracy have become irrelevant. Very well, gentlemen, we reply, that is precisely as we have always said it would be. But do not you ever again talk to us about the sacred principle of democracy, nor blame us when we warn the British workers that you will be loyal democrats so long as they vote for you, and not a moment longer.

WHO WILL WIN? At the date of writing the contending forces are deadlocked. The enormous material advantage now enjoyed by the rebels, as the result of the ever-flowing stream of fascist munitions, seems about balanced by the extraordinary heroism, energy, and initiative of the improvised army in overalls of the Spanish workers. It may be that the struggle will rage back and forth for many months yet. Of the final result we can as yet only say this. If the fascist generals had not received vast assistance from Italy and Germany they would already have been crushed. If the Spanish government had not been denied by the democratic powers its legal rights to buy munitions, it would have already conquered in spite of fascist help to the rebels. If the Spanish government were now allowed to buy munitions, and fascist help to the Spanish rebels were ended, the Spanish government would still certainly win. If fascist help to the rebels were cut off, but the blockade of the Spanish government continued, the government would still probably win. But if the blockade of the Spanish government is continued, and unlimited munitions are allowed to pour into the rebel camp for an indefinite period, then indeed the rebels will win. *And this is what is happening now.*

Do not let us deceive ourselves. If the present situation of vast assistance for the rebels (sent mainly through Portugal) and rigid boycott for the Spanish government continues unchanged, then in the end no heroism, no unity, no efficiency can save the Spanish workers and their government. Amidst massacres in Madrid, Barcelona, and all the great cities of eastern Spain, which will make everything which has been done as yet seem as nothing, Spain will pass under a fascist dictatorship. In one more country of Europe every vestige of the working-class movement, of trade unions, of coöperative societies, of the working-class political parties, of everything which has been built up by the common people of western Europe in a century of struggle and sacrifice, will be stamped out. The dark night of fascist oppression will engulf Spain as it has engulfed Italy and Germany. In Spain as in those countries, no one will be able to write, to speak, or even to think a word which is not dedicated to the supreme purpose of preparing for the next imperialist war. One more of the historic states of Europe will have gone back to the dark ages.



Scheel

"Let go of Colonel Oglethorpe, Egbert. Lots of people have beards besides Communists."

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IT IS IN THIS SITUATION that the democratic powers have applied a policy of neutrality to the Spanish civil war. It is in this situation that for the first time in history, a constitutional government has been denied its belligerent rights by the other constitutional governments of the world. With what indescribable bitterness must every Socialist reflect upon the fact that it was a Socialist government, that of M. Blum, which actually initiated and carried through this odious policy. M. Blum tells us in his speeches that he could do nothing else, that if he had agreed to allow the Spanish government its legal right to buy arms from France, Germany and Italy would have made this a *casus belli* and Europe would have been plunged into war. There is no need to discuss the extreme inherent improbability of this statement. *For what everyone can see is that this line of reasoning makes the fascist powers literally omnipotent.*

If when Hitler or Mussolini, or both, do not like anything which the British or French governments propose to do, they have only to say "We will plunge the world into war unless you stop," then indeed we might as well submit to fascist dictatorships in France and Britain without further ado. But, in fact, it was precisely the extreme pusillanimity of M. Blum and his colleagues, and that alone, which gave Italy and Germany the opportunity to munition the Spanish generals. If M. Blum had proposed his neutrality pact, but had, at any rate, consented to sell munitions to the Spanish government until Mussolini and Hitler had promised to send no more to the Spanish rebels, and had carried out that promise, his policy might have been tolerable. But by himself putting on the arms embargo to the Spanish government in the hopes that the fascist powers would some day stop supplying the rebels, he surrendered abjectly. By so doing he has brought incomparably nearer that world war which he, rightly, dreads so much.

NOT THE LEAST of the disasters which the Blum neutrality policy produced was the painful dilemma in which it put the Soviet Union. Faced with the capitulation of France, her one substantial ally in Europe, to the fascist threats, and with the strongest evidence that Britain, on whose attitude the whole world-wide struggle predominantly depends, would regard Soviet help to the Spanish government as a violently unfriendly act, the Soviet government came to the conclusion that it had no alternative but to sign the French neutrality proposals. The Soviet government, surveying the whole world situation, and having at its disposal incomparably fuller and more precise information than we have, came to the conclusion that it was not yet strong enough to pursue any other course. We cannot assert that it was mistaken. The world-wide struggle must be seen by the Soviet government as a whole. The Soviet leaders are guardians of the first socialist economic system which has ever existed in human history; as such they carry an enormous responsibility upon their shoulders. To endanger that system lightly would be a crime. On the other hand, the safety of socialism in the Soviet Union itself demands that fascism should not be allowed to destroy all the Soviet Union's allies, and potential allies, one by one. The question is simply this: how, when, and to what extent shall the power of the Soviet Union be thrown into the scales? No doubt that must not be done before the decisive hour. Till then, no doubt, the Soviet government's duty is "still for the last effect to keep the sword erect." But the hour of decision is approaching very rapidly.

Neutrality was forced on the Soviet Union, not alone by the disastrous policy of the Blum government. The Soviet's decision, and the Blum government's own continued adherence to the policy of neutrality, was greatly affected by the series of decisions taken by the British labor movement. Our record in this matter is a miserable one. Weeks passed before the British labor movement appeared to recognize the existence of the Spanish civil war. Its leaders dispersed for their holidays, a week or so after the outbreak of hostilities, exactly as if nothing had happened. The fall of Badajoz and the ensuing massacre caused the popular pressure for some action to become irresistible. (The sustained campaign demanding action from the Labor Party conducted from the day on which the civil war broke out by the Communist Party is perhaps the most valuable service to the British working-class movement that the Communist Party has ever given.) The National Council of Labor was called together.

Unfortunately, as we all know, it decided by a majority to support the policy of neutrality, and its decision has now been endorsed by the Annual Conference of the Trades Union Congress. These decisions are profoundly disquieting. It may be that it would be impossible at this stage to drive the British govern-

Lithograph by J. Marants

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ment to allow the Spanish government to buy arms and munitions. But that the British working-class movement itself officially supports this ban is a disgraceful failure in international solidarity. The attitude of mind among the leaders of the British labor movement may perhaps be illustrated by the following examples. One of the principal considerations affecting our labor leaders' decisions is said to have been the question of their possible effect on the Roman Catholic vote in towns such as Liverpool, Newcastle, and Glasgow, where there is a large Catholic population, at the next general election. Second, certain trade-union leaders took the view that the best thing to do with the money raised in this country for the Spanish workers was to keep it until fascism had duly conquered Spain, and then use it for the relief of the victims which such a conquest could be relied upon to provide. Again, an important argument used in favor of neutrality was that this was a struggle between fascism and communism, and so was not the concern of labor people. Finally, any pressure upon the British government to assist the Spanish government might, we were told, provoke Mussolini and Hitler to "plunge the world into war."

WE HAVE HERE the complete portrait of defeatism. Here all the follies and betrayals of the German Social Democrats before Hitler's conquest of power are reproduced on an international scale. Here once more appears the doctrine of the lesser evil. Fascism is to be allowed to conquer Spain because that is a lesser evil than a world-wide war. In exactly the same way Hindenburg was elected to the presidency of Germany by Social Democratic votes; for he was a lesser evil than Hitler. The self-deceived German labor leaders did not see that the election of Hindenburg was precisely the necessary transitional stage to the dictatorship of Hitler. In the same way the self-deceived British labor leaders do not see that the conquest of Spain by fascism is the necessary transitional stage to the next world war.

THE SITUATION would be black indeed, if the decisions of the British labor movement were irrevocable. But if, as seems probable, the Spanish civil war drags on for many months or even years to come, it may yet be possible to reverse them. For in the Spanish struggle, as in the world-wide struggle, the position taken up by Great Britain will probably prove the decisive factor. This is not only because the intrinsic weight of the British Empire is so great, but also because she is the indeterminate factor. The Soviet Union and Nazi Germany are ranged solidly against each other —the one for the working class and for socialism and the other for the governing class and for capitalism. Italy on the class issue is as solidly on the side of reaction as Germany; but she is a somewhat undependable ally. For her own imperialist interests clash rather seriously with those of Germany. In the same way France is still a somewhat undependable ally of the Soviet Union. For although her international interests urgently demand the alliance, she is still a capitalist state and the fascist camp has serious hopes of winning her governing class. Britain alone is almost exactly balanced between the two camps. Her national and imperialist interests are with France and the Soviet Union; her rulers' class passions and instincts are with Germany and the fascists. The world lists are well matched; the adhesion of Great Britain on one side or the other would almost certainly prove decisive.

Moreover, just as the forces in the world struggle are agonizingly well balanced, so within Britain the forces which tend to bring her down on one side or the other are also almost perfectly balanced. A comparatively small force may tip the scale, for or against the fascist camp, in Britain. And Britain in her turn is very likely to tip the international scale. Hence every act of every British democrat is of extreme importance. We have an immense responsibility both in the Spanish struggle and in the world struggle of which it is a part.

Give him time, he may find a live issue yet

Art Young

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The Negro and the Parties

The shift from the party of Lincoln to the New Deal was just a stage in a larger change

By Loren Miller

MY FATHER worshipped Theodore Roosevelt; he hated William Howard Taft. But he cast his ballot for Taft in the 1912 election because, as he explained to me, no decent Negro could afford to "vote anything but Republican." To my father, as to the vast majority of Negroes of his time, "voting Republican" meant voting the ticket straight from President down to the most obscure township official. The reasoning was simple: the Republican party was the party of Abraham Lincoln, of freedom, and of the North—as opposed to the Democratic party, the party of slavery, disfranchisement, and the Solid South. As a matter of fact, Democratic and Republican politicians of that time had a gentleman's agreement on the Negro question; the Republicans connived at the disfranchisement of southern Negroes for the benefit of the Democrats and in turn the Democrats conceded the northern Negro votes to the Republicans.

Even as my father was explaining how imperative it was for Negroes to vote Republican, a rift was appearing in the, until then, almost solid political front of the race. W. E. B. Du Bois was flirting with the Wilsonian New Freedom in the pages of the *Crisis* and an organized group of Negroes was campaigning for Wilson. The rift has widened since that time; every succeeding campaign has seen a further drift of Negroes from the Republican Party. Today there is a Negro Democrat in Congress and Negro Democrats sit in a half dozen state legislatures. There were more Negro delegates to the Democratic national convention this year than there were Negro delegates to the G.O.P. convention.

More amazing, the Democratic Party, as a national entity, is making a determined bid for northern Negro votes, and Franklin D. Roosevelt is an odds-on favorite to garner a majority of the Negro vote in November. The Republicans are actually on the defensive and are trying desperately to win back their straying Negro camp followers. "A struggle unlike anything we have known in the past is going on over the Negro vote," Frank Kent observed recently. The magazine *Time* believes that not in seventy years have politicians been so "Negro minded" as they are today, and Mark Sullivan used one of his Sunday columns to lecture the Democrats about "the hypocrisy of what Chairman Farley and the other Democratic leaders are doing about the Negro vote in the North."

These hysterical attempts to curry favor with Negro voters do not portend any fundamental changes in the Negro policies of either

Sharecroppers H. M.

of the old parties. The Democratic Party is still committed to Negro disfranchisement in the South, with its most reactionary sections, as witness Gov. Talmadge of Georgia, openly financed by the Republican Liberty League. Despite Mark Sullivan's crocodile tears, the Republican Party remains in the hands of the reactionary bosses whose callous disregard for the welfare of the Negro people has steadily driven Negro voters away from the party.

The 1912 revolt of Negroes against the Republican Party was largely negative in the sense that it was inspired by the knowledge that the G.O.P. had failed to protect southern Negroes from discriminatory state legislation. While the Democrats accepted this disgruntled support, they did not make any concerted drive for Negro votes. The situation changed radically only after the war-created labor shortage had drawn many thousands of Negroes to northern cities. These cities are located in the so-called pivotal states: New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and, to a lesser extent, Missouri and Maryland. Most of these urban centers formerly gave majorities to the Republican presidential nominee but were in the grips of local Democratic machines. Many Negro politicians saw that they could get local patronage only by lining up with the Democrats and began detaching themselves from the Republican party.

Sections of the Negro masses also joined the drift toward the Democratic Party for the same reasons that attracted other urban voters: they believed that the party stood for the working-man; they knew the Republican party had left a seventy-year trail of broken promises. Hoover's four years of failure to grapple with unemployment problems stampeded jobless city workers into the Democratic Party; jobless Negroes were swept along and helped swell the New Deal majority in 1932. Republicans know that if they regain the Negro vote they lost in 1932 they have an excellent chance of winning the large pivotal states, while the Democrats are convinced that if they can hold that vote they can carry them.

Like other city workers, thousands of Negro voters are on public works projects. They are afraid of Landon. To counteract this sentiment, the Republicans have set up an elaborate machine that is busy grinding out propaganda centering around the historic pasts of both parties. Certain of the fact that many Negroes will never return to the G.O.P., Mr. Hamilton and his aides recently installed a well known Negro Republican as chairman of the Union Party Negro division in an effort to cripple Roosevelt. But Lemke won't get a handful of Negro votes.

Both old parties are proceeding on the age-old assumption that, as Kent says, "the bulk of the Negro vote is purchasable." That statement is no more true of the Negro people than it is of underprivileged groups in general; those who lack educational advantages can often be persuaded to a course of action by the use of skillful propaganda, and propaganda costs money. But, like other Americans, Negroes are far more alert to the issues of the time than they were yesterday. Seven years of depression have taught them many lessons.

Many Negroes are going to vote for Roosevelt in spite, not because, of the fact that he is the standard bearer of the Democratic Party.

They feel somewhat like the starving woman who accepted stolen goods because she felt that "God sent this blessing even if the devil did bring it." The appointment of Negroes to New Deal agencies has flattered the strong racial feeling of the group on one hand and on the other Negro workingmen are beginning to understand that measures designed to aid the working class also include them as workers, even though they are still subject to discrimination. The vague social reform panaceas of the New Deal have intrigued them; they fear for the fate of old-age pensions, unemployment insurance, and the like should Landon win.

The pivotal character of the Negro vote in national elections and the new independence of colored electors are matters of importance to proponents of a Farmer-Labor Party. The first illustrates the fact that any party hoping for national success must reckon with the Negro voter; the second that the Negro vote can be won *if* the party bidding for his ballot is willing to come to grips with his problems.

Such a party must not content itself with

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mouthing high-sounding phrases about "equality." To be successful it must come to grips with everyday issues: discrimination in civil service, differentials in work-relief wages, proportionate sharing of public jobs and such prosaic matters as political patronage. It goes without saying, I presume, that Negro candidates must be put forward in so-called Negro districts. In other words, Democratic and Republican local machines must be met on their own territory and, to put it in the vernacular, gone one better. A new party, paying the proper heed to the special aspects of Negro voters' problems, while striking out boldly at wider problems, such as social-security measures, could hope to enlist the colored vote.

The time is ripe for a third party to make that bid for the Negro voter who has cut loose from his old Republican moorings and is attached to the Democratic Party and Roosevelt. If the move is made quickly and intelligently it is a certainty that Negro voters will range themselves on the side of progress.

This was most clearly shown in the response to the recent broadcast by James W. Ford, Negro Communist vice-presidential nominee, a speech which was printed in full in a number of non-Communist Negro papers such as the *Amsterdam News* and which whole Negro communities listened to avidly. Ford's speech brought home to them the lesson that the Communist Party platform is the only one in the present campaign which contains an adequate plank for Negro rights, and at the same time emphasizes the struggle for a Farmer-Labor Party.

AL SMITH AND THE HEARST-LIBERTY LEAGUE

(*Fable of the Ass and the Lion Hunting*)

The ass and the lion made an agreement to go out hunting together. By and by they came to a cave where many wild goats abode. The lion waited in ambush at the mouth of the cave and the ass, going within, kicked and brayed and made a mighty fuss to frighten them out. When the lion had caught very many of them, the ass came out and asked him if he had not made a noble fight, and routed the goats properly. "Yes, indeed," said the lion, "and I assure you you would have frightened me, too, if I had not known you to be but an ass."

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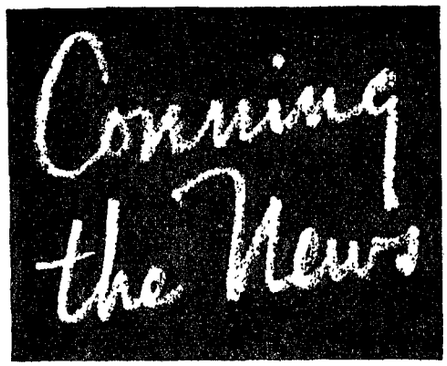

Covering the events of the week ending October 5

THE final month of the presidential campaign got under way with Candidate Roosevelt proclaiming himself a "far-sighted conservative," Candidate Landon conferring with Herbert Hoover, and Candidate Browder resting up in an Indiana jail, held on a charge of vagrancy. The New York State Democratic convention was the occasion chosen by the President to cast aside his "non-political" mantle, which he did by repudiating a Communist support that was never his to repudiate. The President's entire speech was a confirmation of the Communist view of him as one who would make only enough concessions to American workers to keep them from becoming militantly class conscious. This view of Roosevelt was clearly echoed two days later by the New York *Times,* which formally called for the President's reëlection to "provide insurance against radicalism" and offered the opinion that he would "make his second Administration more conservative than his first."

Support for the belief that Roosevelt contemplates no further "radical" experiments such as the N.R.A. and A.A.A. was afforded by his address in Pittsburgh two days later. Ardently defending the expenditures and the record of his first term, the President predicted a balanced budget within a year or two, without additional taxes. The glowing picture he painted of his administration's accomplishments found faint reflection in the comprehensive survey of the New Deal published during the week by the *Economist,* most important organ of financial opinion in Great Britain. "Relief there has been," says the *Economist,* "but little more than enough to keep the population fed, clothed, and warmed. Recovery there has been, but only to a point still well below the pre-depression level. Reform there has been, but it is slight in comparison with the reformers' blueprints." But for all that, the journal believes Roosevelt deserves reëlection because the Republicans have even less to offer.

ONCE more the Social Security Act served as a focal point in the campaign. Governor Landon made public a report attacking the old-age provisions of the act which he said had been made by the Twentieth Century Fund. Since the Fund is supported by Edward A. Filene, a Roosevelt backer, publication of the critical report might have had a telling effect but for a few circumstances not mentioned by the Landon command. The report, given to Governor Landon with the distinct understanding that it would be kept confidential, was only a tentative analysis by one member of the committee's research staff, and not the official report of the organization. Much more serious, as the New York *Post* pointed out, was Landon's use of the document "in an attempt to bolster his own views." The report, said that journal, "is written from a viewpoint even more liberal than that of the New Deal—whereas Governor Landon's criticism is from a viewpoint considerably less liberal."

This was the view expressed more forcefully by Earl Browder over the radio. Assailing the law as a "mockery" of its title of "social security," Browder called attention to Landon's speech on the subject in Milwaukee, in which the Republican candidate offered to repeal entirely the principle of federal responsibility and leave it all to the states. The governor's own state of Kansas, as Senator Wagner pointed out, is one of the few states that have not even entered into coöperation with the federal government on an old-age security program, has no pension law, and provides nothing more than pauper relief on a county optional basis.

THE Landon forces got the worst of the week's bargaining in the way of supporters. To the sunflower standard came pathetic Al Smith. Before a gathering sponsored by what is in effect a woman's auxiliary of the Liberty League, the once-popular wearer of the brown derby apologized for having a high hat on the ground that "so has every other man that ever goes to a wedding or a funeral." Embittered because Roosevelt had never asked for his advice, the man who less than a year ago declared that he had been born in the Democratic party and would die in it urged the election of Landon. Descending to invective that smacked almost of senility, Smith said of his party: "Why, even a Communist with wild whiskers and a smoking bomb in his hand is welcome as long as he signs on the dotted line."

But while Landon was attracting such has-beens as Al Smith, the one-time Socialist John Spargo, and Henry L. Mencken, he lost the support of a still active and powerful leader in his own party, William E. Borah. For twenty years Borah has been noted for his savage attacks on the tory leaders of his party up to the day of the convention, and for his complete submission and loyalty from then until election day. Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover he managed somehow to swallow. But of Landon he told a reporter of the Philadelphia *Record,* "I have absolutely no intention to speak in his behalf. Principles are more important to me than my election. . . . If certain parties persist in forcing me into the Presidential race I shall make clear in no unmistakable terms what I think about Mr. Landon, the forces about him, what really happened at Cleveland, and who wrote the telegram to the convention that bore his name."

WHILE the two old-party leaders wrangled over almost meaningless points of difference, it remained for the Communist candidate to crystallize the one real issue of the campaign: civil liberties, democracy or fascism. The crystallization was not of Browder's making. It was handed to him on a platter by the petty Republican officials of Terre Haute, Ind., who clapped the candidate and four companions into jail as vagrants in order to prevent Browder's speaking in that city. The high-handedness of Terre Haute's two-penny Fascists went unremarked by both Landon and Roosevelt, but to Browder it was a significant step, an attempt on the part of reaction to see how far it dare go in openly flouting those constitutional guarantees to which it had hitherto given at least lip-service. "My arrest," he said, "served to show the arbitrary power of the capitalist interests and their ability to put behind bars anybody at all. It illuminated the movement in this country toward fascism."

Further illumination on that score was not lacking during the week. In New York's Madison Square Garden, a crowd of 20,000 gave Avery Brundage, chairman of the American Olympic committee, the straight-arm Nazi salute as he extolled Hitler and declared, "We can learn much from Germany." Another speaker was Mayor Karl Stroehlin of Stuttgart, whose admittance to the country was protested by the American League Against War and Fascism. The State Department a few weeks ago barred Willie Gallacher, Communist member of the British Parliament, as a possibly subversive influence, but it found no reason to keep out the anti-Semitic Stroehlin, who is in charge of disseminating Nazi propaganda to Germans outside the Reich.

If more illumination of the fascist trend were needed, it came on the labor front. The toll of one dead and over two hundred injured resulted from a charge of state troopers on several thousand pickets at the Berkshire Knitting Mills in Reading, Pa. In California's Salinas Valley, where the lettuce strike continued, the affected area remained in the grip of vigilantes and the equally menacing and irresponsible "law-enforcement" agencies, mobilized and "coördinated" by professional Red-baiters and agents of the growers and shippers. Citizens of Salinas responded by forming a Defense Committee. With the support of the state labor federation and the sympathetic walkout of 3000 Filipino field workers, the drive was intensified to stop the sale of "hot" lettuce. Governor Merriam, on the spot because of his own encouragement of violence, was forced to offer a compromise settlement. But the grower-shippers, bent on destroying the agricultural union, rejected the plan.

While Salinas Valley workers held firm, a few miles north in San Francisco the President's newly-appointed Maritime Commission succeeded in dragging out of the shipowners a fifteen-day extension of the awards

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which were due to expire at midnight, September 30. Harry Bridges, leader of the West Coast longshoremen, indicated that the two-week truce, during which negotiations are to continue, does not bind the unions to accept "blanket arbitration"—a ruse of the owners to cancel all the gains obtained in the 1934 strike. Labor solidarity on the West Coast was encouraged by the pledged support of eastern maritime unions.

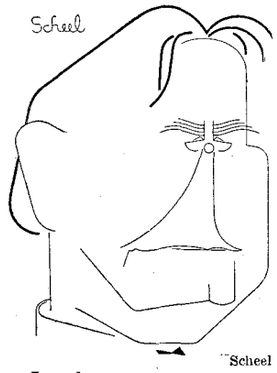
AMERICA'S fascists got something of a jolt in Michigan when a jury found seven Black Legionnaires guilty of first-degree murder in the death of Charles A. Poole, a young Catholic W.P.A. worker. Four more were convicted of second-degree murder. A series of crimes, including several other murders, were laid at the door of the fascist organization, sworn to exterminate "the anarchist, Communist, the Roman hierarchy and their abettors."

Sinclair Lewis, whose graphic picture of an American fascist state is scheduled to be produced by the W.P.A. theater project, suggested labor organization such as that offered by the C.I.O. as a preventive measure. "Strong industrial unions," he said, "will prevent fascism in this country. . . . I don't see how there can be any strong unions except industrial unions."

C.I.O. progress was dramatically portrayed during the week by *Fortune* magazine in an article which placed the number of steel workers enrolled in the past three months at 40,000 to 50,000. The magazine, estimating the total strength of the thirteen C.I.O. unions as 1,441,000, compared its drive to the abolitionist movement before the Civil War. In the event of an "irrepressible conflict," suggested the magazine, the C.I.O. might enlist as many as 10,000,000 men.

Hints of peace between the C.I.O. and the executive council of the A.F. of L. were gleaned from a statement of David Dubinsky that a settlement was possible "only on condition that the organization campaign of the steel workers continues uninterruptedly," and by William Green's statement to President Roosevelt that "everybody connected with that controversy is becoming a bit more temperate in point of view." They were lessened, however, by Dubinsky's subsequent declaration that organization of steel and other mass production industries along industrial lines is the only basis for peace within the Federation. Philip Murray, chairman of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee, announced that the drive would take another step forward by pressing for higher wages.

FROM Rome came word that the United States is soon to have a visit from Cardinal Pacelli, Papal Secretary of State. The suddenness with which the Cardinal changed his plans for a trip to Switzerland immediately gave rise to rumors that his visit might have political implications. Most credible is the report that the Cardinal comes as a special envoy from the Pope to enlist the support of the United States in the anti-Communist drive which has become the keystone of Vatican diplomacy.



Borah—Landon was too much for him

On a world-wide front the war between Right and Left issued during the week in two sanguinary battles far beyond the confines of Spain. Paris saw its worst street fighting since February 1934 when Colonel de la Rocque's fascists attempted in vain to break up a huge Communist meeting. The Communists to whom a permit had been issued, had the full protection of the police, and the violence originated entirely with the forces of the Right. As a result of the clash, the French Social Party, formerly the Croix de Feu, branded itself as a military corps rather than a legal political party, and it was accordingly predicted that criminal prosecution would soon be undertaken against de la Rocque. Significant of the distaste of the French for fascism were the signs posted in various cities by the fascists, describing French Communist leaders as "Fascists of Soviet Russia" and carrying the slogan "Down with Fascism!"

London got its taste of fascist-bred violence when Sir Oswald Mosley attempted to lead his Blackshirts through a predominantly Jewish section of London. Five thousand fascists were routed by a vast crowd which barricaded streets and hurled stones at the Mosley army. So serious did the situation become that police officials finally ordered the procession to disband. Communists and Laborites pronounced the Mosley debacle "the most humiliating defeat ever suffered by any figure in British politics."

REACTION scored a point in France when the Senate and Rightist opposition in the Chamber succeeded in killing legislation that would have raised wages to compensate for any rise in living costs resulting from the devaluation of the franc. An inadequate compromise measure, providing fines and jail sentences for those who raise prices beyond the limit made necessary by devaluation, was passed. In the meantime, sporadic strikes made it evident that labor would not relinquish its gains of the last few months and would pit its collective weight against the attempts of employers to sabotage agreements.

Encouraged by the Anglo-French-American agreement in connection with the devaluation of the franc, the Economic Committee of the League of Nations undertook to encourage a general reduction of trade barriers. Of great significance in this connection was Italy's devaluation of the lira, severing in a sense that country's tie with Germany, which has refused to devaluate. Internally the move will benefit Italy only as long as Il Duce manages to keep prices down.

Where the Left-Right war is at its bitterest, in Spain, the Loyalists scored a pronounced victory by recapturing the key town of Maqueda, forty-five miles southwest of Madrid. The move cut off the Rebel forces in the Toledo sector from other insurgent forces in the west and north, affording the Loyalists an opportunity to delay indefinitely the encircling movement about the capital.

While Madrid's defenders dug in to repel the invading forces, the Spanish government's delegation in the Assembly of the League of Nations made public the notes it had dispatched on September 15 to the powers that accepted the French non-intervention proposal. The notes furnished proof that Portugal, Italy, and Germany had flagrantly violated their pledges and demanded that the embargo on Spain's government be raised and the rebels prohibited from receiving war materials. In separate notes to the three powers that have been aiding the fascists, Spain enumerated in detail shipments of munitions and military planes and cited the bombing of a government hospital ship by an Italian air squadron. The note to Germany cited the numerous arrivals of Junker planes for use by the rebels.

With foreign planes bombing Madrid nightly and battalions of Moors hired for the slaughter, fascist General Cabanellas had the effrontery to reject—at least theoretically—an offer of volunteers from Ireland with the statement: "We do not want the collaboration of foreigners in the work of liberating the fatherland."

GERMANY staged another show—this time for its farmers—in an effort to offset a further tightening of belts. According to the Berlin correspondent of the New York *Times,* who is not hostile to the Nazi regime, "Short grain crops and restrictions on feed imports have already produced shortages in various kinds of meat, butter, eggs, and fat, and the Olympic guests consumed so much of these that the shortages are again getting acute."

In the Far East, imperialist Japan suddenly checked its mad lunge at China. The inordinate degree of caution which marked Japanese activities during the week indicated that Tokyo is aware of the temper of China's millions, and of their readiness to fight back. The strength of the sentiment for anti-Japanese resistance may be gauged by the Nanking government's reported rejection of Japan's humiliating demands and by its strong counter-demands. The latter were said to have included recovery of Manchukuo, suppression of Japanese smuggling, cessation of Japanese interference in the administration of the northern Chinese provinces, and the halting of further increases in Japanese military strength in North China.

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Browder in Birmingham

The speech there by the Communist Party candidate was a victory in the fight for workers' rights in the South

By Beth McHenry

THEY say the South is the South and you can't expect things to happen in a hurry. They say, take the race question now, you can't buck the race question and anyone that tries to do it is a damn fool. But every once in a while, even in the South, there's an incident that points the general direction and that direction is ahead.

It was, for instance, such an incident when 500 white miners followed the body of a Negro union brother to his grave in the coal strike of 1935 in Birmingham. It was such an incident when Negro and white workers in the building-trades strike in Chattanooga last spring sat together along benches in the picket tent, eating the same food and drinking from the same glasses, talking and being fellow to fellow and not at all white to Negro. And when Browder came South and spoke in Chattanooga and Birmingham, well, that was an incident too.

The tradition about the Communists in the South may not be as old as the one which refuses to end the War Between the States, but up until lately it seemed as vigorous. The hatred for the Communists was different in that it didn't just grow up in the South. It was a steel-company child and every good Southerner who doesn't own stock can tell you about the steel corporations not being indigenous to Alabama. One difference between a Yankee who comes South to be a Tennessee Co. official and a Yankee who comes down to be a union organizer is that the official speaks at Chamber of Commerce and Rotary Club luncheons and becomes one of the boys while the union organizer is a carpet-bagger and a foreigner. The hatred for the Communists in itself was an outside hate, introduced by Yankee industrialists and made welcome by native plantation owners.

There were a lot of people who said that the tradition about Communists would keep Browder from speaking in the South. In Birmingham there was a rumor that the Tennessee Co. (U.S. Steel) officials had said he wouldn't speak and even the newspaper boys picked it up and shook their heads and said "Well, I guess he won't." The Tennessee Co.'s voice sounds like God's in the wilderness and everyone is always mistaking it for thunder. A few of the textile bosses sent rumors flying too. All of the officials sent thugs down to the hall to represent them and it seemed to me the thugs were looking mighty surprised and restless, having to stand back and listen to Earl Browder speak. It seemed to me they were giving the chief of police and all the cops hurt glances, like children restrained for the first time. They didn't seem to understand that the cops were there to protect Earl Browder because a lot of liberals and trade-union leaders around town had said they'd better.

But maybe it was the press which surprised everyone the most. Some of us have been watching headlines in southern newspapers for quite a while. They have a way of making a striker out a criminal and of producing bombs out of the air, just like the Hearst press. They've always found Communists good copy. It increased the circulation to show scare headlines about overthrowing the government and burning churches; and better yet, the steel and textile magnates would smile and there's a future ahead for a newspaper man who hits a pleasing note for the bosses down South. But even a reactionary newspaper has to mark a change of events. The southern press sniffed the air and suddenly there appeared "Let Browder Speak" editorials, and after he had spoken he was interviewed and quoted on the front page with pictures.

"Driscoll! Those Browder and Ford speeches aren't short-wave relays from Moscow. They're making them over here!"

Someone said now if this had happened two years ago we'd all have died from shock but as it is, well, everything's different now.

Everything's different now, even in the South, and maybe there it is most different of all. The Committee for Industrial Organization rose out of the need of the working people for unity, and it brought with it the first real unified struggle for civil liberties and human rights. Down South, where they used to think civil liberties meant license labeled "Communism," the steel workers and the miners and all the rest are discovering that it means the things they ought to have been having all along. They've got around to figuring that if they want to hear a Communist speak, well, that's their privilege. And if he says things that sound better than pretty good to them, well, it makes you pretty mad to have corporations pick your politics for you and send around thugs to keep your sentiments pure. And when organized working people get mad, even southern bosses can see that it's better to hush the press a bit and keep the thugs in their kennels for the night and let the working people have their fling for a little while. The bosses have funny ideas about the psychological moment to crack down on the workers, but the funniest part about it is that the union people know about the bosses' ideas, so the cracking-down process won't be so simple.

The Committee for Industrial Organization came easily to Alabama particularly, because the largest organized group in the state are the coal miners and they're tough from bitter strikes and seeing their brothers mowed down by machine guns. There weren't many votes left for the craft unionists at the state convention of labor, and the district president of the U.M.W. became president of the State Federation. When Green began to make his threats to expel the C.I.O., it didn't mean a split within the state labor forces in Alabama that amounted to anything, for the craft unionists are far in the minority anyway and many of them are militants who've been wanting industrial unionism for a long while.

The Alabama coal miners three years ago

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were digging coal on Labor Day. They were then just beginning to organize and the corporations were doing everything to discourage the idea and so were the city officials and the cops and thugs. But the miners organized regardless, 23,000 strong in a very short while. This year all of the steel workers weren't outside the mills on Labor Day like the miners, but it looks mighty like next year they may take the holiday too. For the steel workers are coming into the A.A. twenty-five and fifty at a time in the Birmingham district. And when 15,000 steel workers join with 23,000 miners to organize all the rest of the beaten-down Negro and white laborers in Alabama, well, they'll probably upset a tradition or two themselves.

You can feel the sweep and swell and rumbling of labor organization in Alabama and Tennessee and all the South. You can see progress in the new leadership which calls Red-baiting a crime. Such leaders as William Mitch, district president of the U.M.W., regional director of the C.I.O. and the S.W.O.C., and president of the Alabama Federation of Labor. Mitch won't tolerate Red-baiting and says so. Such a leader as Joe Dobbs, president of the Chattanooga Trades Council, a great hearty Irish plumber with shoulders like a bull and a heart and soul that's all tied up in labor and union and progress. And if anyone tries Red-baiting within Dobbs's hearing, it's quick on his tongue that he'd not be worrying about the Communists because the Communists are union people, it's the Chamber of Commerce that's poured blood across the moon. These are the new leaders of labor in the South—men who've proven themselves in strike struggles and who aren't afraid to raise their voices in favor of civil liberties.

You can feel the sweep and swell in the working-class neighborhoods of Birmingham, where the steel workers exist in drafty, toiletless shacks that the Tennessee Co. rents to its employees at rates matched only by the prices of foodstuff in the company's commissary. The Negro workers are eager for organization and so are the whites. They're joining up fast. They'll explain they're working underground, "until we get it built up strong, see?" But now their enthusiasm is growing and it's not so hard to spot a union man. Some of them are company-union men or have been, and some are even foremen. I talked with a foreman who is proud to have brought twenty of the men working under him into the union already. In the company unions, the fellows that used to be called "popsicles" are quietly going to the homes of men they know are union, not to spy but to learn about it and to join the union too.

You can see the change in the diminishing lines of race hatred when at a Labor Day rally in Birmingham, Negroes mingled with whites and the chief speaker told those present that labor in a white skin cannot go free while labor in a black skin is in bondage. Someone whispered to me that maybe the fellow didn't know he was quoting Marx, but I think he did. The labor leaders of the South are beginning to take the Communists seriously and the leaders who Red-baited two years ago, today defend the Communists as trade-union people.

The changes are no longer taking place just gradually, they're moving fast. Even so, it takes a special event to make you understand how fast is the pace and how significant the gain. Earl Browder's Birmingham speech was perhaps one of the most important things to happen there. Birmingham is the industrial heart of the South, scene of terror by corporation thugs, town of open hearths and open shops and misery and starvation and houses for workers rotting over their heads. It wasn't just courage that made the workers turn out for the Browder meeting, and it wasn't just kindness that kept the thugs from breaking it up—it was the knowledge that labor organization is safe-guarding civil liberties and that the strength of organized labor is like the strength of steel itself.

UNNATURAL HISTORY—VI

(With profuse apologies to H. G. Wells)

The origin of man is still very obscure. It is commonly asserted that he is descended from some man-like ape such as the chimpanzee, the orang-outang, or the gorilla (See page 23, NEW MASSES, Sept. 1). Of course, if one puts the skeleton of a civilized man and the skeleton of a Fink Sub-Man (*Pithecanthropus bergoffus*) side by side, their general resemblance is so great that it is easy to jump to the conclusion that the former is derived from such a type as the latter. But if one examines the above illustration closely we find that the gap widens. During the Cainozoic and Mesozoic periods, these creatures probably hid among rocks and marshes and might possibly have become refined and civilized with other men, but in our own late Capitalozoic period, due to its decline, they are called into service in economic disputes and due to their low mentality are invaluable to industrialists in promoting violence and bloodshed. They are able to use the telephone, operate a gas gun and submachine gun (all of which of course is legal in the United States, one of their chief habitats). In America their spare time is devoted to petty thieving, but in Germany and Italy they are customarily elevated to high positions.—JOHN MACKEY.

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The Cult of Joshua

The modern emulators of the Hebrew prophet have more on their hands than they realize

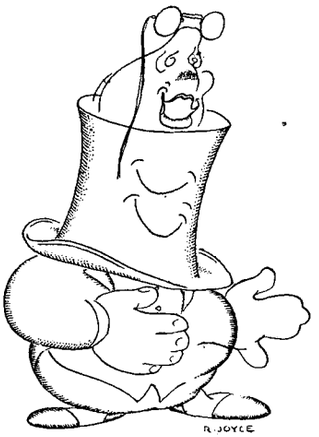
By Robert Forsythe

THE most amazing development recently in liberal circles is the growth of the sect known as the Cult of Joshua. When first encountered it seemed to bear a trace of Buchmanism, but that was dissipated by an announcement from Brother Buchman that he had been letting himself wide open for a message from God and had been informed from on high that the most devout form of progress for a Buchmanite would be toward the arms of Herr Hitler. Since the members of the Cult of Joshua profess a distinct aversion to the ministrations of dictators—*all* dictators, they are prompt to point out—they seem to prefer a position midway between the conquest of the Sioux and oblivion. In brief they suddenly discover that they like America as it stands and would people kindly go away and stop annoying them.

In a larger way they may be said to belong to the school which holds that it might happen in Germany, Austria, Spain, Esthonia, Peru, Bolivia, Latvia, Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, Hungary, Poland, Jugoslavia, Rumania, Greece, Portugal, Italy, Finland, Albania, and Bulgaria, but America is not Esthonia-Germany-Austria-Spain-Latvia, etc. Not only can't it happen here, but only the demented would contend that America was faced by a choice between fascism and communism. In the first place there is no fascism and while many people read Hearst nobody has ever followed him. In the second place there is a third choice, Americanism, which may be broken down into its component parts of democracy, freedom, and private enterprise. By staying just as it is, America can become the salvation of the world. America *must* stand still, a Gibraltar amid swirling waters. Joshua made the sun stand still and America is better than Joshua the best day he ever thwarted nature.

The most important addition to the ranks of Joshua was the late lamented intelligence operating under the trade name of Walter Lippmann. Having transferred his more ponderous *Yale Review* manner to the pages of the New York *Herald Tribune,* Mr. Lippmann wrote in words of scorn and high contempt of those who offered a great nation and a great man such a choice as fascism or communism. Without being rigidly specific, he allowed the impression to fall that it would be well if America, at some officially designated hour, should stop in its tracks and remain frozen. This obviously would obviate the necessity of a choice and defeat the nefarious aims of subversive elements seeking a decision.

Since the magic hour was not designated, there arose speculation on the point. As a



Robert Joyce

good round date, one might agree that October 15, 1936, could be an opportune moment to bring the blessings of reason to an agitated nation. At that juncture the lions and lambs would lie down together and peace would reign in the land. But a moment of reflection brought the certainty that October 15, 1936, would not be exactly the day approved by Mr. Lippmann, who had recently declared his affection for Governor Alf Landon. What Mr. Lippmann obviously had in mind in making his original suggestion was that a truce could most readily be entered upon sometime after November 3, and only in the event that the electorate had absorbed its political homework in the same hearty manner as offered by Dr. Lippmann.

WHAT IS always so annoying about history is its persistence. It can be temporarily turned back by an assault as vicious as it is encountering from the forces of fascism, but the first lessening of the pressure finds it plugging along as doggedly as Max Eastman in quest of an issue. Granted the doubtful premise that America is perfect, it would still be impossible to get the news in time to history. That pertinacious process keeps operating in the face of information from all righteous men that its labor is finished and will it please sit down and rest. Being an essentially rational force it knows that the difficulty of finding a perfect point of equilibrium will depend upon whether Eugene G. Grace selects it in advance of the organizing campaign of the C.I.O. or John L. Lewis determines it at the conclusion.

As has perhaps been pointed out in other quarters, the Catholic Church has for centuries argued with history that well enough was plenty, and has suffered the fate of all well-intentioned bystanders. With the inanimate ponderousness of a steam roller which has lost its reverse gear, history has flattened kindly gentlemen who felt that existence in a café was ideal for pursuit of the better life; it has squashed other gracious burghers who, not being serfs themselves, were positive that no serf would ever be happy outside slavery; and it has rolled into thin neat strips the tortured workmen who believed that the coming of the machine would bring them nothing but misery and poverty. A good case can be made out for the estimable citizens in every instance, but history seems to have chronic astigmatism in the face of such facts. History may be wrong, but history never stops to argue the matter.

Gilbert Seldes has been uttering shrill huzzas for America in his recent book, *Mainland,* and we join in the hysteria with all good will. America is a great country and we have always said it was a great country and have been willing to bludgeon the honorable bastards who have sought to ruin it. But in his excitement he speaks as does Prof. Lippmann for the Cult of Joshua, with such slight variations as may be brought about by convincing the capitalists that nicer capitalism would be nicer. If they need a slight slap on the wrist by way of legislation, Mr. Seldes is prepared to go to such lengths and the Supreme Court does not buffalo him. If it needs changing, it shall be changed and America will attain its glory. Aside from that, however, he admires the happy land to distraction and will have none of the usual alternatives. Americanism pleases Mr. Seldes and he is not averse to bestowing Shakespearean curses on both the other houses.

What we need is a national gyroscope which will stabilize the continent and keep it there. Labor must cease being importunate; capital must learn modesty and decorum; Father Coughlin must drop his Sam Browne belt and return to his cassock; Mr. Hearst must revert to his love nests and torch murders and leave politics to his betters. We need only the witching hour, the one supreme split-second when all America is pleased with its position and desires nothing but a chance to sink in its tracks and forget the past and future. At that moment it will be possible to select a representative committee which can wait upon history, thank it for its past labors, and inform it that it is of course getting the usual two weeks' notice with full pay. There will remain then only the need of selecting a chairman of such stentorian qualities that the message will be understandable to history, always notoriously hard of hearing.

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"On the Record"

An open letter to Dorothy Thompson of the New York Herald Tribune, citing some evidence and suggesting a correction

By Grace Hutchins

DEAR MISS THOMPSON:

In your column in the New York *Herald Tribune* of September 25, you assert as if it were a fact:

". . . most of the Communists will vote for the President [Roosevelt]. . . . And in pooling their interests with those of bourgeois groups, they are acting under instructions from Moscow. Mr. Browder as a candidate is largely a front. That is also a fact."

A previous charge of yours to the same effect, early in August, was picked up by Frank R. Kent in his syndicated column and carried in a good many newspapers out through the country. The source for your assertion on the subject is of course not given, since columnists are not required by public opinion to present any sources for their material.

As treasurer of the 1936 National Election Campaign Committee of the Communist Party and as candidate for Controller of New York State on the Communist ticket, I am writing to ask you this question: Where did you get the idea that Communists are voting for Roosevelt?

Was it from the Hearst press, which has been consistently carrying on a double-barreled attack on Roosevelt and Browder at one and the same time? Hearst's aim was to smear Roosevelt with red and at the same time charge the "Reds" with "double-dealing," as if the entire set-up of the Communist election campaign were a farce.

Even Norman Thomas has fallen for this Hearstian propaganda and repeats this lie against the "Reds" to the great joy of Hearst. Thomas's charge that Communists were supporting Roosevelt was carried on the first page of Hearst's New York *American* on September 23.

Or was your source of information the dispatch from Riga (notorious for lies about the Soviet Union), sent by Donald Day to the Chicago *Tribune* early in August—to the effect that Moscow had ordered "Reds" in the United States to vote for Roosevelt? Reputable news agencies including the Associated Press and the United Press warned their member papers that the rumor was false and the Chicago *Daily Times* challenged the *Tribune* to prove its charge. It could not do so—because the statement was false.

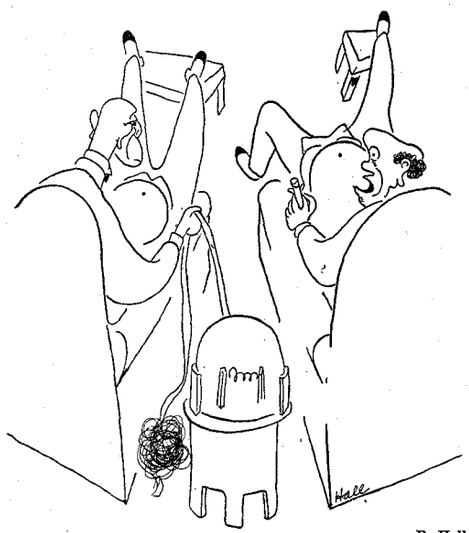
From the rest of your column of September 23 it seems as if your source may have been the gossip of Trotzkyists in the United States. Trotzkyists—whose main reason for existence is to attack and discredit the Soviet Union, the Communist International, Joseph Stalin, and the Communist Party here in America.

Certainly, wherever you did pick up this slanderous yarn it was not from the publications of the Communist Party nor from the utterances of any of its speakers. You have evidently not listened to even one of Earl Browder's radio speeches nor read even one of his major campaign statements quoted verbatim in the *Daily Worker* through April, May, June, July, August, and September. In each one of these statements he has made clear the Communist position, as for example:

> Why doesn't the Communist Party join with the majority of the Farmer-Labor movement in support of Roosevelt as the practical alternative in 1936 to Wall Street's man, Landon? . . .
>
> We have answered that if we could see how the support of Roosevelt would guarantee the defeat of Landon, we would consider it. But we have examined Roosevelt's record very carefully. We have seen that the more support he gets from the Left, the more he goes to the Right; and we are afraid that if the Left would unanimously go for Roosevelt, they would encourage Roosevelt to try to win over the Liberty League, confuse all the issues, and throw the elections to Landon. We figure that *the only way to defeat Landon is to have strong forces that make no compromises with compromising liberalism, and keep the issues so clearly before the nation that even the compromising liberals may be forced to fight a little against reaction.*

Or, as is stated in the Communist election platform:

> Roosevelt is bitterly attacked by the camp of reaction. But he does not fight back these attacks. Roosevelt compromises. He grants but small concessions to the working people, while making big concessions to Hearst, Wall Street, to the reactionaries.



B. Hall

"Anyway, Landon'll stop boondoggling."

Each week approximately 5000 speakers are setting forth the Communist position in the election campaign at hundreds of meetings all over the country. If you will stop at any one of the numerous Communist street meetings in New York City you can hear the speaker attack Roosevelt for his compromising attempts to please everyone. A major section of each main speech is devoted to the reasons why Communists do *not* support Roosevelt. No true Communist will vote for Roosevelt.

While urging the defeat of the Landon-Hearst-Liberty League combine as the main enemy of the people, Communists maintain that Roosevelt will yield to pressure from the Left only as he feels himself seriously threatened from the Left. Experience has shown that labor cannot depend upon Roosevelt. He hesitates and yields to pressure. The more he feels that he has labor in his pocket, the more he yields to pressure from the Right, to the demands of big business organized in the American Liberty League.

Never in any previous election has the Communist Party conducted so intensive, extensive—and expensive—a campaign. Each national radio broadcast costs over $4000, a large sum to a working-class party. When a campaign fund must be raised as the Communist fund is raised, in small amounts from a multitude of contributors, it becomes a very serious matter, not lightly undertaken. The contribution of a day's wage usually represents a considerable sacrifice on the part of a Communist Party member or a sympathizer.

If Browder were merely a "front," as you charge, while Communists were secretly instructed to support Roosevelt, no extensive campaign would be necessary. Communist speakers could stay at home and go to bed early. No large fund would be needed. The election campaign staff would not be working day and night and over weekends, to roll up a big vote for Browder.

Will you not, as an influential American woman writer, investigate this matter for yourself? Come up to Communist headquarters as other columnists have done, and interview Browder when he returns from his present speaking tour. Listen to his broadcast on October 9 or 23. Or at the very least, read the brief Communist election platform, a copy of which I enclose. And then if you find that your information was wrong, and that Communists are *not* going to vote for Roosevelt, I am sure that in the interest of honest journalism, you will carry a correction in your column.

Sincerely yours, GRACE HUTCHINS.

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Frankwood E. Williams—Worker

The director of industrial studies at Russell Sage outlines the life and work of a friend of progress

By Mary van Kleeck

DISTINGUISHED psychiatrist, skilled physician for the ills of the mind, world traveler and analyst not only of individuals but of the society which conditions even their inner life, Frankwood E. Williams could have wished no other title, in memoriam, than *worker*. He had earned that right in a sense in which few professional men or women have achieved it in America. Few have even yet sensed its significance. He defined it on the occasion of the meeting to launch the Inter-Professional Association on April 29, 1934, in the Engineering Societies' Building in New York. The subject was "Economic Insecurity," and speakers from a half dozen professions gave the facts from the experience of their groups. He said:

> The professional individual, being the kind of person he is, has nothing in common either spiritually or practically with those who live upon profits or upon exploitation of the labor of other individuals. The professional, by what he is and the manner of his thinking and working, has spiritual kinship only to workers, and the professional individual should identify himself with the workers, with whom he has this kinship.

These were not the mere words of a speaker at a mass meeting. They were conclusions reached through experience. They were the data of professional work. But they had in them also the insight of the man that he was. Others might have held the positions which constituted his career. Others might have been members of the numerous professional organizations listed in the account of him in *Who's Who*. But few of his fellow members of the profession have attained his insight into the mental hygiene of the whole social and economic system in its impact upon the individual. This difference between the conclusions of the expert and the reactions of the man were defined by Dr. Williams in the preface to his book, *Russia, Youth, and the Present-Day World*. He was considering why observers with similar backgrounds of experience in other countries could bring back such diverse conclusions from the Soviet Union. To answer the question, it would be necessary to understand the background of the individual, but not too greatly to emphasize the professional training.

> For professional training is but an outer coating, no matter how high the polish, laid over the *original man* trained. To a technical problem within his field a trained person will react with his training. To more general human situations outside his field the *original man* will react and that person may be no more, even less, trustworthy than the humblest person about.

Hugo Gellert

Frankwood E. Williams

Thereupon, with the forthright simplicity which always characterized him, he went on to explain his attitude in order that others might judge of the validity of his conclusions about Russia:

> I am a physician. In the field of medicine my specialty is psychiatry. For the past twenty years, as physician and psychiatrist, I have been working in the field of human relations, which means the relationship of one individual to another, of the individual to the group, and of the group to the individual. . . . Broadly, this is called "mental hygiene."
>
> I have never been a "radical." In social matters I have been just an ordinary American citizen, interested mostly in my own work and so far as political and social matters were concerned, inclined towards some sort of "liberalism." . . . Before my first visit to Russia I knew about as much regarding Communism and Karl Marx and the social experiment in Russia as the average citizen, which I take to be not much, and was about that much interested. My first visit to Russia was a more or less casual one as part of a summer holiday in Europe. . . . I received such a shock on this first visit that there was nothing to do but to go back the next year to prove to myself, at least, that what I thought I had seen on my first visit was actually true. This led to a journey of over ten thousand miles from one end of European Russia, to the other, through cities, towns and villages, factories, hospitals, schools, prisons, wherever I could poke my nose—and I found I could poke it anywhere I wanted to. If I came away from my first visit shocked and stirred, I came away from my second visit deeply thoughtful.

The professional experience which he brought to this task of analyzing a new society was active and distinguished. The son of a physician, he took his collegiate training at the University of Wisconsin and his medical work at the University of Michigan. After serving as resident physician in the State Psychopathic Hospital at the University of Michigan, as executive officer in the Boston Psychopathic Hospital, and as medical director of the Massachusetts Society for Mental Hygiene, he became associate medical director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene and for fifteen years editor of its bulletin, *Mental Hygiene*. The war brought its special tasks to psychiatrists, and he became chief of the Division of Neurology and Psychiatry in the office of the Surgeon General in Washington and for ten years held the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the Medical Officers' Reserve Corps.

Throughout his special work in mental hygiene, he was constantly active also in the field of social work, which may be said to have been his second profession. He was a member of the teaching staff of the Smith College School for Social Work, which had its origin in the need for training social workers to assist psychiatrists, following the war. He taught also in the New York School of Social Work, and in the more general field of social training he was a member of the faculty of the New School for Social Research in New York. He was active in the National Conference of Social Work, and on his visit to Europe this summer he attended the Third International Conference of Social Work in London.

In addition to his private consulting work, to which he gave primary attention in late years, he was always active in what might be called the educational aspects of psychiatry and its organized means of reaching the general public. He was chairman of the program committee of the First International Congress on Mental Hygiene, held in Washington in 1930, and edited its proceedings. He was a consulting editor of *Social Science Abstracts*, and was honored in various contacts with mental hygiene organizations in Great Britain and in France. Altogether his professional career was characterized by a constant urge to make practical use of scientific discoveries for the benefit of the individual and of society. Hence his interest in the relation between the psychiatrist and the social worker. Hence his indefatigable willingness to lecture to lay audiences and to tell them how the psychiatrist viewed their problems.

In viewing their problems he never lost his sense of the supreme value of the individual, and it was that standpoint which made him so ardent in his social convictions. At the organ-

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izing meeting of the Inter-Professional Association, of which he was a member from the beginning, and recently treasurer, he summed up his view of the relation of the individual to society:

An individual, after all, is the unit of a civilization or community, and he is, therefore, important. We do not really consider him important here. We like to sentimentalize about him, but we do not consider the individual an important unit in our social structure. However, he is this unit; he is important, and insecurity destroys the integrity of the individual. With the destruction of his integrity comes not only the loss of his constructive and productive power, but also such things as disordered homes, maladjusted children, alcoholism, narcotism, crime, and insanity. These are what we pay for insecurity, and these are not necessary. . . . I am aware that the security or insecurity of an individual really lies largely within that individual, but I am aware also that, add to whatever security or insecurity the individual may psychologically have in himself—add to this the actual real insecurity, and you tend to destroy the individual. . . . It is idle, under these conditions, when a patient comes to the psychiatrist . . . without work, his savings gone, his insurance gone, all resources gone . . . if he has then developed anxiety, cannot sleep, has pains in his head and pains in his stomach, and cannot even now keep to his P.W.A. job—it is ridiculous for a psychiatrist to say to this individual: "My good man, your anxiety and fear spring from within you, and we must now examine you to see the source of this fear and anxiety."

The issue is really simple. It is the economic security of all individuals. . . . To attain such a simple, self-evident, obvious thing as economic security for all individuals, we know cannot be an easy thing, but as workers and professionals we are the majority, and if we can see this issue straight and keep it clear and simple, we can attain this at any time we decide definitely to do so.

His published writings show the conclusions which he reached, once he became an analyst not only of the individual but of society. He was simple, clear, and candid; but he was also reserved, and there is little indication of the inner struggle which inevitably must accompany profound acceptance of radical conclusions regarding the society in which we live. His path of development was as an individual—a psychiatrist looking at society. This was unlike the approach of those who have experience in industry or who go on the picket line for industrial workers. Though industrial workers always heard him gladly, and his name was known from coast to coast as one who understood their struggles, on the whole his work was not yet among them. He worked among intellectuals, seeing their plight and helping them to see their own necessary action. Experience with their insecurity, their fear and other emotions arising from economic conditions or from conditions surrounding the individual in childhood, formed the substance of his thinking. His conclusions were simple and clear because he was talking of great common experiences. For this very reason he was preëminently needed for the task ahead of winning professional workers who know little of economic theory and have not been brought into the challenging industrial situations which change men as heat melts iron.

Through this path of study of the individual and his capacities in society, he reached insight into the significance of the position of women and the great basic causes of exploitation of races. He drew the distinction between the dictatorship in Italy and the Soviet dictatorship, finding in Russia that "its greatest and most far-reaching values are psychological and spiritual." Characteristically, he made the unusual comment that "the psychological significance of a dictatorship will depend largely upon what happens to women under it." He found in the Soviet Union a new world for women, and under fascism the old world with all its social and individual limitations.

It was not enough for him to tell these conclusions to others. He saw the value of united action. Many an organization quite outside the field of medicine or psychiatry will greatly miss his active collaboration. His vacation last spring was given almost wholly to a speaking tour to the Pacific Coast, in which, mainly under the auspices of the Inter-Professional Association, in midwestern cities and in California, he lectured on the familiar subjects of economic and social insecurity and the need for united action for what always seemed to him to be a "simple" solution. By this he meant that there were no intellectual difficulties in the way of analyzing what is wrong with our civilization. He was fully aware of the forces of selfishness and exploitation which refused to accept the simple, rational remedies. Nor was he unaware of the tremendous struggles which he believed were ahead for Western civilization.

Of his own place in these struggles, almost no hint was ever given. Once, however, talking with one who had also been profoundly moved by observations in the Soviet Union, he said almost casually, with no intimation of drama or tragedy: "I have come to see that in facing social change one must be ready to die for it—and even to see others die."

The news of his death came on September 25, in a radio message from the captain of the ship on which he was returning from a summer in Europe and in the Soviet Union. He was only fifty-three, and we cannot but feel appalled at the loss of the years of constructive work that might have been expected from him in this crucial period. It is best, however, to realize how far-reaching has been the constructive work which he has accomplished. It is not too much to say that he has given to professional workers the sound basis for social action. He was so staunch, so simple, so undramatic about himself because his convictions about the economic system were grounded in his own intensive professional experience. He achieved identity with all workers because of the integrity of his professional function in society. He could fulfill the responsibility of his profession to the individual only through such social action as would bring recognition of the full spiritual value of the individual in a new civilization.

Serrano *"But he wants finks what don't keep diaries."*

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Soda-Pop and Southpaws

Our Polo Grounds correspondent reports on the goings-on at the late World Series

By Edward Newhouse

TONY ALBANO received credit for being the first bleacher fan in line for the World Series this year, but that was through a fluke. When he set up camp in front of the Eighth Avenue entrance to the Polo Grounds twelve days before the game started, William McCoy, a young Negro from Brooklyn, had already been there for some time. What happened was that McCoy ran out of money and Albano offered to stake him to meals in exchange for the number one spot and McCoy had to give in. Then the inevitable photographers showed up and they wanted to snap the two together, but Albano said nothing doing, either they were going to take him alone or not at all. So they took him alone sitting there in his swivel chair and McCoy only made the group picture.

About twentieth in line was Graham Larkin of Lewistown, Fulton County, Ill. Had he so intended, Larkin could have outwaited both Albano and McCoy because he arrived in New York on September 14 with time on his hands. Waiting, he said, was nothing new to him. Three years ago at the Lewistown fair he had himself buried alive in a tent sideshow and promised not to come up until his veteran's bonus was paid. He stayed down there for nine days, six feet under in a large coffin with shafts at either end.

His buddy above ground put up a sign saying visitors could ask questions, but it must have been ambiguously worded because most people assumed Larkin had set himself up as a fortune teller and they came around asking fool questions. Girls wanted to know when they were going to be married, and he hollered "How in hell should I know?" and they hollered back he was a faker. Still and all, people kept throwing coins down the shafts and he earned over two hundred dollars. After nine days his mother and the health authorities forced Larkin's partner to dig him out. He could not walk for more than a week. Now, in front of the bleacher entrance to the Polo Grounds, he made it clear that all he wanted was a seat and if he'd been out for any records neither McCoy nor Albano could have done a thing about it. Larkin is really a Cardinal fan but he wanted to see Carl Hubbell pitch to the Yankee Murderers' Row.

Anywhere you went, from Governor Lehman's box to the groundkeepers' stall, you heard the same name, Hubbell, Hubbell. Even Babe Ruth seemed excited as he turned his head to a reporter and said, "Look, there's Hubbell now." Ruth is considerably heavier this year, but his vast bulldog face has not changed. His autographs were still more in

demand than those of any player on the field, including the deified King Carl.

The clubhouses were quieter than they would be before the ordinary game. The players took more care in adjusting their cleats and they clustered more readily about their managers. Both Terry and McCarthy are obviously liked, but not for a moment is the distance of authority obliterated. Bill Terry and Joe McCarthy are business men with American business methods and ethics. Both have succeeded in imbuing their men with the spirit of the sales office: you do right by the company and the company will do right by you; put it on the line or take it on the lam. Win a pennant and we'll get you contracts endorsing hats, gasoline, garters, razors. There is little chatter of the kind they call "talking it up." On the field, it's different.

Copy-hungry reporters have mourned the rising cultural level of the New York ball teams. They long for the myth of Ring Lardner's wacky southpaws and gasp at the Phi Beta Kappa key of Burgess Whitehead, the Giants' second baseman. It is a matter of fact that competition has become somewhat subdued, but for every Whitehead or Broaca there are a dozen miners like Joe Glenn and Ruffing, boilermakers like Lazzeri, shoe workers like Saltzgaver, or farmers like Hubbell and Wicker. Ball players, managers, and coaches are neither more nor less educated, more nor less likable than any representative group of bleacher fans, salesmen, or restaurant workers. At the same time, these ball players are at the top of a profession where competition is extraordinarily keen, and on the diamond they have all the importance and dignity of authority. Much of Ruffing's pitching and most of Hubbell's were things to watch.

Hubbell himself says he was a better pitcher in 1933, but that's either a delusion or modesty. His screwball breaks just as sharply as ever; it always did fade away from right-handed batsmen, but in 1933 left-handers hit Carl more freely than now. This season he acquired an overhand curve which seems to baffle left-handers as well, and that delivery completes a matchless equipment. He never was a thrower, but his fireball is just as good as it needs to be and in the first game he blazed through with it half a dozen times. In the sixth inning, Bill Dickey looked at a side-arm curveball as though it had been some kind of rattlesnake.

By the time of the sixth inning a steady downpour had made tight baseball impossible. Puddles on the baselines were ankle deep and the ball skipped around like a cake of soap. Hubbell's expression never changed except once in the third when his eyes followed Selkirk's homer quizzically and in some astonishment. After the game he said it had been a screwball, but Selkirk maintained that he got hold of a slow curve. Whatever it was, the saturnine left-hander settled back into his methodical ways and lost no more than six pounds of flesh during the entire nine innings. Ruffing lost over ten, but he could afford it.

Kate Smith, who could have afforded to lose even more, sat quivering in a box on the Giant side, dripping wet but apparently joyous. She scarcely ever watched the actual play, and turned to address Babe Ruth several times. Even La Guardia and Lehman were soaked. The bleacher fans who had waited through the cold night for seats were now jammed into the grandstand aisles for partial protection. The rain was every bit as bad as at the first Dempsey-Tunney fight, but this rain lasted longer. Customers drank it in with their soda pop. The hot dogs were cold and soggy. After Crosetti slid back to third base during a double play in the eighth he scooped handfuls of mud off his uniform. Crosetti, Lazzeri, and Di Maggio all come from San Francisco, and it was in their honor that the band played the song *San Francisco* so often. Mother Di Maggio left eight children at home to travel three thousand miles, but Joe didn't do so well this time. Most of the players had several guests there. Beyond those, even Hubbell had to pay speculators' prices to get a few friends in.

The crowd went dippy over Bartell's home run. A middle-aged woman some three rows below me stood on her chair and they could not get her down until the end of the inning. She kept yelling "Twenty dollars, twenty dollars" and nobody knew what she meant until the seventh when she explained that this was the price of her railroad ticket to New York. The rain had slowly loosened the dye on an ornament in her hat, and a purple liquid was flowing down her forehead and cheeks. She kept smearing it with the back of her hand but that only made it worse.

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The Silk Hat

HOW simple and clear was President Roosevelt's parable of the silk hat! The Syracuse speech was more than a brilliant piece of political oratory; it was as frank a statement of policy as a capitalist politician can afford to make. The President appealed to the gratitude of big business. You know as well as I do, he said in effect, that this Hearst-Landon charge of Communist support is the bunk. You know my heritage; you know my background; I am part and parcel of the ruling class. The difference between me and the tories is that their strategy is stupid, while mine is clever. They made no concessions to striking workers, to indignant farmers brandishing pitchforks, to homeless young people; I was smart enough to make concessions. Under my policy, you millionaires lost only your silk hat; under the Hoover-Landon policy you will lose your coat and pants.

If anyone is still in doubt as to why the Communists will not support Roosevelt, let them read that Syracuse speech carefully. The Communists insist, and with justice, that Landon represents the extreme reaction; he must be defeated at all costs. But they cannot support Roosevelt because the President is an unreliable champion of democracy against the threat of fascism. He vacillates between the people and the fascists. He admitted as much in his Syracuse speech. The classic Gilbert and Sullivan ditty says:

> . . . every boy and every gal
> That's born into the world alive,
> Is either a little Liberal
> Or else a little Conservative.

The President manages to be both; he told the bankers and industrialists to whose gratitude he was appealing: "I am that kind of a conservative because I am that kind of a liberal." He meant: I make concessions to pressure from the workers, farmers, and middle-class groups because only by some concessions (and you know damned well how slight they are) can we save capitalism. Reform to preserve!

The President made one statement with which the Communists can agree. He said Communism is not an issue between the major parties. From there on, the divergence of opinion is so vital that it illuminates the whole election campaign. Roosevelt said, in effect, that the main issue of this campaign is how to preserve capitalism. The Communists say the main issue is how to preserve and extend democracy.

As if determined to prove that the Communists are right,

Robert Russin

News Item: Roosevelt Repudiates Communist Support.

the mayor and police chief of Terre Haute proceeded to arrest Earl Browder and Waldo Frank. Just before the arrest, there was an incident which should make every intelligent American do some hard thinking. A crowd of businessmen, led by the Law and Order League of Terre Haute, surrounded the sleeping car carrying the Communist presidential candidate, intent upon violence. They were plastered to the gills, and perhaps it was this fact alone which prevented a tragedy.

But the most important aspect of the whole Terre Haute affair was emphasized by Earl Browder himself at a luncheon tendered him by the Committee of Professional Groups for Browder and Ford the day he returned from his Indiana prison cell to New York. Even the New York *Times*, Browder said, is shocked that the presidential candidate of a legal party should be arrested for normal campaign activities. But what about those who have never had a chance to be presidential candidates? What about the destruction of the people's liberties? What about Tom Mooney, and the Scottsboro boys, and Angelo Herndon, and the scores of workers and middle-class professionals arrested for the constitutionally guaranteed exercise of their civil rights?

Terre Haute is the trial balloon of the reaction which begins with Browder and Frank and is ready to move against all progressives and liberals who dare to oppose the barbarism for which Hearst and Landon stand.

Can one remember fascism in Italy and Germany and remain indifferent to this danger in America? One effective reply to the sinister designs of the tories was indicated in Roosevelt's Syracuse speech. If the parable of the silk hat means anything, it means that the White House made concessions because the people were radical in mood.

The conclusion is obvious enough. Washington will give heed to the needs of the masses in direct proportion as these take independent political action; in direct response, for instance, to a large Communist vote.

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READERS' FORUM

A reply on cooperatives—Letters on the new New Masses—Conscription in Australia

● In her article, "The Muddle Way," published in the NEW MASSES for September 29, Sarah Carlton writes of the coöperative movement: "Many progressives . . . will have nothing to do with it. But it will not do to remain on the outside and criticize." As one who is keenly interested in coöperation and agrees wholeheartedly with the latter statement, I should like to point out that Miss Carlton failed to take cognizance of the fact that the coöperative movement has reached a point where, just as in the labor movement, many different points of view are represented, and that although on the one hand certain reactionary tendencies are manifest, on the other hand unmistakable signs of a definitely progressive trend have long been evident. In 1926 the Congress of the Coöperative League of the United States passed a resolution calling upon coöperative societies to employ union labor.

Functioning here in the city, in keeping with the spirit of this resolution, is the Consumers Council of New York, whose member consumer coöperative clubs are all affiliated with the Eastern Coöperative League and therefore an actual part of the authentic American coöperative movement. Active in the development of Rochdale coöperatives, the Consumers Council emphasizes that the interests of consumers and workers are identical. The practice and theory of the Council bear this out. The Council deals with unionized firms where the field is organized. It lends support toward organization in fields where there are no unions. Its own business agent belongs to the union in his field. A laundry which serves the members of the local clubs of the Council was unionized through the collective purchasing power of the customers, and the possibilities of building coöperatives with the use of union labor throughout are being demonstrated.

Your readers' attention is called to this work now being done, and it is hoped that instead of shunning the coöperative movement, many will find it to their advantage to join in the work of the Consumers Council of New York. Further information can be obtained from headquarters at 55 West 51st Street.

HAROLD J. JONAS, *Secretary.*

How You Like Us

● Usually when myself and probably others write in letters they don't know whether their criticisms or comments are of any value. After reading the first two paragraphs of "Between Ourselves," it dawned on me that at last editors of at least one periodical were asking specific questions on what their readers liked or disliked. I believe if occasionally you ask for definite information from the readers, not only will it assist you but will also create a bond between the readers and the editors.

The new format is much better and easier to read than the old. The additional pictures and drawings pep up the magazine considerably. I especially enjoy Between Ourselves, and the Sights and Sounds department. Having confidence in your criticisms I always look in the Sights and Sounds department before I choose the movie, play or radio program. So far your criticisms and mine haven't conflicted. One cannot always have time to read every article, so the comments below the title of the article help considerably in choosing the article in which the reader is most interested. The setup and location of the index is much better than in the old format. In Conning the News the date it covers is of great assistance in understanding the comments.

Now that you've read about the good points here's a little criticism and a few comments. In the Readers' Forum the controversies are all right if they're not extended over two weeks; after that they take on the appearance of a serial.

H. A. R.

● The new format of this week's (September 15) NEW MASSES is attractive, and a great improvement over the old one.

Of course I enjoyed the articles too. Including "deck heads" was a swell idea.

Circulation should do a merry dance, upwards, with such a handsome magazine. Call this a "fan" letter if you will, a new kind of fan letter, written to a seductive dame of a magazine instead of a deadpan lady on celluloid. H. W.

● I like the change in format. Really, I missed the old NEW MASSES with the etchings, woodcuts, lithographs and cartoons of well-known artists; I missed the informal, homey atmosphere that seemed to welcome all of us around, that is, all of us who were fighting a common enemy in a common cause. I am glad that you are bringing us back together again in a united front of the arts, and I am sure that professional theorists will not be affronted because the masses are not excluded from their oh-so-superior clichés of intellectual activity. Today, with our quickened tempo of life, with the rapid disintegration of democracy into Fascism, it is no longer fashionable, it is no longer desirable that we isolate ourselves from the people, either by gathering in obscure groups of bickering Leftists or Trotskyites, or by speaking, writing, or creating art in terms the masses fail to understand. J. C. R.

● I'll take this chance to congratulate you and your fellows on the new NEW MASSES. Articles by John Preston and Palme Dutt are giving the thing a more comprehensive and authoritative touch than it had for a long while during the spring and summer. The recent story by Edward Newhouse was the best thing I ever saw by him and very promising. Milton Howard's review of Smirnov's pamphlet was also in the better manner. Some people around Boston and in St. Paul, where I recently visited, think Mackey's "Unnatural History" is clever and a good touch for the paper.

P. H.

● The Editors of NEW MASSES deserve three rousing cheers for the splendid changes and improvements they have made to the magazine. Frankly and honestly I do not think that there is another single periodical on the American scene to approach it even remotely since it was revamped. Other magazines of the so-called "quality groups" are cutting down both on size and in quality and generally retrenching while the MASSES is showing persistent and steady progress.

In your September 29 issue you asked for some suggestions and I have gone to the trouble of interviewing a number of readers to obtain their opinions which in brief are as follows:

Keep the covers up to high standards. Many a magazine (such as the *New Yorker*) has 50 percent of its appeal in its cover alone.

At least one short story in each issue (we practically insist).

More satirical cartoons. Mackey heads the list to date.

One page should be sufficient for the Readers' Forum only don't let Morris U. Schappes monopolize it.

Why not give us a little more information about your contributors in your Who's Who column. They've been sadly neglected in the past.

A last suggestion—don't get sore at this one—but we really think, that is if you could manage, somehow, *to give us a forty-page* NEW MASSES *every week,* that would really make it A No. 1. Perhaps if you got those advertisements you were after you could accomplish it.

S. R.

Rappé

● You are to be congratulated on your new NEW MASSES. It is much more complete and much more effective. V. L.

● Congratulations on your new format and style. This should go far in popularizing the new NEW MASSES. However, it is not in keeping with this change to consume over two pages for a literary analysis, which you do in reviewing Smirnov's *Shakespeare.* M. E. S.

● Enthusiastic congratulations! The new format of the NEW MASSES is fine and the cover drawing of Rockwell Kent's is beautiful. I have mounted it on a mat and put it up on my wall for continued enjoyment. M. C. S.

A Historic Victory

● A few days ago John Fisher, whom I had the pleasure of meeting in Geneva, and who is the son of Andrew Fisher, Labor Prime Minister of Australia in 1911, asked me to remind American readers that this year is the twentieth anniversary of the defeat of the Military Conscription Law in Australia. . . .

In 1916, at the height of the war, Australia's Labor Government (which was actually quite reactionary) proposed a military conscription law. So great was the public outcry against this war measure that the government was forced to hold a referendum on the matter. The referendum was held and the bill was defeated by 1,160,000 votes against 1,087,557. Credit for this sterling victory of the working class must go in this case to the trade unions, the Industrial Workers of the World (who were then quite influential in Australia), and to similar organizations. This victory achieves its full significance when one recollects that police interference and military intimidation were both on the side of the proposed measure.

This year under the leadership of the Australian trade unions anti-military conscription councils have been set up in the seven Australian states, to carry through a celebration of the anniversary of the referendum, which came on October 28.

Mr. Fisher has also asked me to suggest that readers urge organizations to send greetings to Australia, particularly to the Secretary of the Melbourne Trades Hall Council, Melbourne, or to Mr. John Curtin, Secretary of the Federal Labor Party, Parliament House, Canberra, Australia.

JOSEPH BUTLER.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Hindus's Moscow novel—Jugo-Slavia and Poland—Americans and Britishers

A MILITIAMAN arrests a prostitute on a Moscow street. The G.P.U. examines a former nepman's wife, seeking hidden jewels. A boy of ten writes proudly in a wall newspaper that his father will become a worker and be reborn. A pious son of a formerly wealthy family is evicted by the house committee to make room for a worker's family. A great new cotton mill that turned out 85 percent damaged goods is shaken up and reorganized. A People's Court decides on a divorced husband's plea for the custody of his child and has its decision reversed by a higher court. Such is the stuff of Maurice Hindus's *Moscow Skies*. It is the Moscow of 1929 and 1930, of "The Great Offensive" as Hindus has called it. It is Moscow as an American who knew the language and lived there intimately with its people might see the city.

Bernard Blackman is a hereditarily prosperous young American from the Midwest who arrives in Moscow in the summer of 1929. A self-contained individualist for whom Russia is an intellectual passion, he goes there to see and to write for his paper back home. By chance he moves in with a retired army officer in the former home of a wealthy merchant, now inhabited by families of workers, intellectuals, and even former nepmen. It is with the lives of these people in "the House" that the story is concerned, especially with Anna Belova, the daughter of a Czarist colonel and now wife of the young Andrey Belov, a former stableboy who is vice-president of a Textile Trust; with Yelena Dooshenko, brought up by her kulak parents to be a lady, and now a social outcast on account of her origin; with Volodya and Misha, brothers, whose home this house once was—the pious Misha who is allowed to live in a basement room and the decadent intellectual drunkard Volodya who lives with his father's former coachman; with Petya, the tempestuous Comsomol whose love for Yelena nearly costs him his Young Communist membership.

Bernard observes all these people, studies them sympathetically. He shares the zest of Anna for the factory clubhouse of which she is the director, seeks to succor the unfortunate Yelena who will not denounce her parents for the opportunity to study in the university. He feels the exhilaration of the proletarians in the house over the first successes of the Plan and feels the revulsion of the nepmen for the new onslaughts against the bourgeoisie. He is always objective, save with respect to Anna with whom he falls in love. It is about this relation, the break-up between Anna and her husband Andrey after he returns from reorganizing the cotton mill, Anna's and Bernard's trip abroad and final separation, that the story revolves.

H. A. Blumenstiel

Anna is an ardent sympathizer and an active worker although she is not a party member. She falls in love with the strange man from America and eagerly sets out with him for the abroad that was ever so dear to the Russian intellectual. They were headed for Prairie City. Anna goes no farther than Paris. Only in these last pages, in Anna's meetings with Russian émigrés, in the conflicts that arise therefrom between their decadent futility and the energetic new life in Russia, between her love for her homeland and her passion for her lover, between having her work and function in society and being a well-to-do American wife, does the book rise to any heights as a novel. The closing chapters are poignant and real.

One is annoyed sometimes that Bernard, Hindus's Russian visitor and commentator, is such a prosperous middle-class individualistic American. The individual human beings around him count for more than any social movement; feeling is more important to him than theory. He never comes to think of the people in the house in terms of class conflict, as being for or against the revolution, as opposing or furthering social progress. They are simply men and women and children who love and suffer, who fare badly or well. But in spite of this occasional annoyance—an annoyance readers have felt sometimes in reading Hindus's other works—Bernard's attitude, or Hindus's, makes for an extremely sensitive and honest presentation of the Russian scene. Red Moscow appeals to Bernard not so much because it is the center of a great new social movement but because it is so magnificently alive, because its people are living with a rare intensity. It is clear to him that the revolution has given life to the formerly miserable and downtrodden and that it runs its course ruthlessly over those who still seek private gain. He rejoices with the former and grieves with the latter; always he is the humanitarian. Although this position has serious shortcomings for the Marxist, it does serve to bring the problems and struggles of the revolution close to the average middle-class American.

Perhaps it is regrettable that Hindus has turned to the form of the novel. He had created in his three earlier books on Soviet Russia a technique of his own and had used forms excellently adapted to his subject. Whether he has merely succumbed to the overweening ambition of all writers to try their hand at fiction, or found the form of the novel the only one whereby he could present individual lives as affected well or adversely by the proletarian upheaval, is not known to the present reviewer. As a novel *Moscow Skies* leaves much to be desired. Its method is antiquated and often clumsy — an all-knowing movie technique; its most important characters remain either abstractions or sadly blurred. But however this may be, Hindus has succeeded in bringing to life in these pages scores of the unique institutions and arresting features of the Soviet life of the past decade. *Moscow Skies* in another of Hindus's notable, understanding portrayals of revolutionary Russia for American readers.

STUART GREENE.

The Good Prince Rudo

CRADLE OF LIFE, *by Louis Adamic. Harper & Bros. $2.50.*

INSTEAD of retreating from his origins as the Pole, Joseph Conrad, did, Louis Adamic, a Jugo-Slav, has made use of his past. More than once he has told his life as a Jugo-Slavian peasant and as an American worker, soldier, intellectual. *Laughing in the Jungle, Exile's Return,* articles, stories, even the novel, *Grandsons,* are the continuous autobiography of this immigrant and the implied essay on his problem. Furthermore, Adamic has consciously faced the greater problem of *class,* and his latest book is one more attempt to deal with his search for his real country—and his real class.

Cradle of Life is bigger in concept and surer in construction than his previous novel, and, although autobiographical in form, is less closely tethered to the minutiae of Adamic's own adventures than are earlier books, barring of course *Dynamite,* which is history. *Cradle of Life,* as a matter of fact, is also history, this time in the form of romantic fiction. It sketches the quarter of a

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century in Balkan events which ended the night before the famous assassination in Sarajevo.

Its central figure is Rudo Stenka, illegitimate son of Crown Prince Rudolf (the son of Emperor Franz Joseph who committed suicide). Rudo spends his first ten years in a mountain village where the peasants supplement their miserable earnings from the soil by robbery and by professional murder of illegitimate babies. When he is ten, his maternal grandfather discovers him, gives him luxury and culture, and starts him on a feverish, solitary hunt for truth. Rudo as boy and man delights in his senses and through them in art, literature, travel, mystical religion. This latter subject is treated with a tenderness which makes one half suspect that Adamic more than condones Rudo's ecstasies.

Because of his position as a peasant-reared prince, Rudo stands in two worlds—that of the poor villagers whose tug on him is irresistible in the end, and that of the feudal aristocracy for whose best member—Count Hohengraetz—he has profound respect.

Rudo is a passive figure. In the course of his twenty-five years he *does* nothing except render an occasional touching Good Samaritan service. This motif—service—finally becomes the dominant theme in Rudo's life. It completes its first cycle when he marries a village girl he had grown up with in his peasant years. He and his bride decide to use Rudo's estate and wealth to save and educate the *fachooks* or illegitimate children of Croatia, among whom Rudo was one of the few ever to reach maturity. This is on the eve of the World War, and the outcome of the venture is left in doubt. Accordingly this "action" (of saving the *fachooks*) is not in the book. It merely seems a part of the fairly credible people and purposes which swirl around and against Rudo Stenka who is a sensitive plate to catch and reflect the world.

This method is, very likely, first cousin to the romantic-reformist dæmon which dictated the basic pattern of the book; a possible pretender to the throne of Austria, who inherits great wealth and, we infer, great talents, turns from personal ambitions to philanthropy. He *descends,* without condescension it must be admitted, to help his fellow *fachooks,* saying to himself, "In all humility, I think I am good, want to be and do good: but I am an accident, a result from a series of occurrences which bear all the marks of being purely fortuitous."

This fascination which Adamic shows for the exceptional individual is not new. In *Grandsons* he gave us a big-time gangster who was the chief source of funds for radical movements in California. The ironic paradox, the violent fact or unlikely contrast seem to interest Adamic more than the steady, inevitable, central things which he is too honest to ignore in specific instances, but which he has not yet established in himself as the necessary basis for all his art. His "enlightened" Counts, Studenitz and Hohengraetz, his "good" hero of royal blood, recall the formula Adamic offered tentatively in 1931 as a solution to America's ills.

In the original introduction to *Dynamite* (a study of class violence in America) he wrote, "I believe that before long—within a very few years—the capitalist class will produce leaders sufficiently capable of starting a movement toward the real stabilization of industry. The ultimate aim of the movement may possibly be some form of benevolent industrial feudalism."

Much has happened since 1931 to discourage such optimism, and so far as I know, Adamic has not continued overtly on this line. Rather has he tended to shift his faith to workers. However, the Good Prince of his latest book indicates that his considerable creative powers still flow toward this bourne of bourgeois illusion.

FRANKLIN FOLSOM.

California the Dread

GLORY ROADS, *by Luther Whiteman and Samuel L. Lewis. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.* $2.

THE sub-title of the book is *The Psychological State of California.* One suspects that the authors have been misled by their titles.

"What is it in California," Whiteman and Lewis ask in their preface, "that causes this State to give birth to so much that is new in reform, in science, in religion, in politics?" The reader is promised an analysis of those indigenous realities that make California one of the things it is: an experimental strip of the United States where the country's future undergoes incessant laboratory testing. But 267 pages bring no fulfillment of the promise.

Almost all Californians, they say, are a little cracked. Californians get excited about any promise of paradise on earth: Technoc-

George Schreiber

"Everybody one meets these days seems to be for Landon."

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racy, Coöperatives, Townsend plans, Epic, Utopia Inc., Tradex—that's the list chosen. Curiously, most of them have something or other to do with economics and, eventually, politics. Still more curiously, these cracked Eden urges of the "psychological" Californians flare on and on Phoenix-like, eternal. Utopia is dead? Long live Epic. If Epic is dead, long live Townsend, and as Townsend dawdles on, the great California sun rises once more—unclouded 350 days in the year.

What is it, indeed, one might ask, that causes two would-be students of political economy to be contented with this superficiality, when confronted by so fertile a social phenomenon as California of the Thirties? With some justification one might simply answer: fright. Fear of the political impotence of liberalism in the face of such large demands.

Out of all this psychologizing California itself does not emerge. One would hardly guess that the State consists of solid and lovely earth, second in size in the Union, fabulously rich in the variety of its natural resources, a young state whose population has risen 65.5 percent in a decade. Los Angeles and San Francisco are metropoli. The fertility of the valleys is phenomenal, the climate in the southern half of the state seems a miracle to season-beaten easterners. Moreover—and this our psychologizing authors disdain to consider—California is one of the most pilfered and monopoly-ridden states in the country. Why, they might at least have asked, has the radicalism of the San Francisco Bay Region such sobriety, such solid realism about it, while that of Los Angeles is vaporous? Indeed, why all this radicalism in California at all? Because Californians are cracked?

The simple truth is that ever-swelling masses of the East's declassed petty-bourgeoisie—the cheated farmers of the Midwest and even of New England, the cheated youth of our big cities, the blocked youth of our bankrupt main-streets—flocked to California throughout the past two decades in response to the ballyhoo that there was sun, room, and easy food there for all.

These simple, capitalism-benighted, politically unlettered, but still vital petty-bourgeois elements concentrated in the Southern California valleys. During the boom and the advertising blah, and after, the Fleishhackers, the Crockers, the Gianninis, the Southern Pacific gang, mulcted them as dry as they have mulcted Californians for eighty years.

But meanwhile the people of the Bay Region had succeeded to some extent in solidifying their lives about the flourishing port and industries of San Francisco. The comparative hardiness required of the San Franciscan eliminated the possibility of making a paradisiacal bubble out of it, too. Besides—and this vital fact, the bane of reaction on the Pacific coast, is not given even passing mention in the book—*the San Francisco region has a proletariat,* a strong and intelligent one, as even Mr. Fleishhacker will now admit.

Had our authors trained their objectivity downward at California's earthy economic realities, had they made this necessary initial distinction between the dominance of the petty-bourgeois element in the South and the proletarian solidity of the northern cities, of such strength that it brings Seattle closer to San Francisco than Los Angeles, and had they bothered to look into that tight knot of California's monopolists whose tentacles reach through all the valleys of the state—this might have been a valuable book.

For avoiding these realities the authors pay a heavy price. Wherever they attempt comment or analysis that involves consideration of these obliterated major factors, the writing becomes a mess. The best chapters are those which deal with Epic: yet even here, despite some close and intelligent tracing of Sinclair's gyrations, they wilt when they attempt an estimate. Whenever any of the movements they examine swerve from the traditional channels of bourgeois democracy—surely necessarily so, when the very evidence of these economic movements indicates that even bourgeois democracy threatens to straightjacket them—our authors at once cry "Fascism!" Even a peace movement as important and democratic as the American League Against War and Fascism is a bogy: hence they seek to escape their responsibilities by glibly distorting it in the worst journalistic tradition. Actually, it is democracy, the meaning of the word, its possibilities, its economic realities, that is the real menace they fear.

E. C. DEAN.

Thelma Kathan

"Nobody ever wrote a book about me when I worked eighteen hours a day."

The Life and Death of Lodz

THE BROTHERS ASHKENAZI, *by I. J. Singer. Translated by Maurice Samuel. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.

THE sheer substance, discriminately selected and carefully arranged, that Singer stores into this book is almost phenomenal. There is the history of the Polish city of Lodz, growing after the Napoleonic wars, through booms and depressions, into an industrial metropolis, but dying finally after separation from its Russian markets following the World War and the Revolution—a history without dates, official names, and statistics, but made richly palpable in terms of people and their needs and ambitions. There is also the sense of Jewish life given not to furnish a *genre* picture for reader sightseers but in its living and ever-changing adaptation to surrounding social reality—a portrayal of Jewish life so unusual as to make the book outstanding for that reason alone. There is, further, the extraordinarily well-recorded developing class war and the inexorable revolution that grows big with big industry, proletarian revolution, unwanted but undisinheritable son of capitalism, legitimatized by history. And lastly there are the characters, their personal dramas, feeding and fed by the social complex in which they grow.

All of this substance is so cleanly and well handled that there is nowhere any congestion. Smoother, more rapid, more absorbing narrative will not frequently be found in contemporary fiction. On the other hand, the imaginative level is not very high. *Three Cities* by Sholem Asch, the novel most nearly comparable to *The Brothers Ashkenazi,* was more sensitive, and generally on a higher emotional plane, but it drove off too often into vacuities of hysteria and mysticism. It

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lacked Singer's sense of proportion and Singer's grasp of history.

Where Singer is weakest is in characterization. Each of his persons he organizes around some dominating motivation; and each motivation becomes as compulsive as a tropism—as the moth's flight into light. Such is Max Ashkenazi's quest for power through money; such is his romantic wife Dinah's aversion to him and substitute absorption in her children; such is the unreckoning sensuality of the German millowners, the brothers Huntze; such is the asceticism, the heroic piety, of Reb Noske; such is the grim self-dedication of the revolutionists, Nissan and Tevyeh. In minor characters as well as in major characters one factor, the one that contributes most to the architecture of the whole, is isolated. But in what is eliminated are the qualities that make for rounded and complete characterization. There is, as a consequence, space and detail in the setting and the conception but narrowness in the characters.

Curiously enough, as a method for portraying the class struggle, this has its advantages. In a large part of the book the central interest is in the struggle between the capitalist, Max Ashkenazi, and the revolutionist, Nissan. One is stripped of all altruism, has no restraining sense of social obligation, charity and religious observance being mere atrophied vestiges. The other is stripped of egotism, has no restraining self-interest, not even sexual love having the power to deflect him from his course. In the crisis they are the leading antagonists; and the battle demands it even of those who, up to the crucial moment, were able to live diversely, have many emotions, and postpone decisions. It helps to give the class struggle an almost mathematical simplicity. Against the elaborate social and historical background, this simplified presentation of the struggle has the effectiveness of a personified conflict in a mural. But it is good only for a specific purpose. For a deeper portrayal of the revolutionist we must go to Malraux.

Nevertheless its picture of a huge industrial city's development, its presentation of Jewish life in relation to the moulding forces of economic life, and its dramatic and spacious unfolding of the class struggle, make it one of the outstanding social novels of our time.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Intimate and Revealing

THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN, *by Martha Gellhorn. William Morrow & Co. $2.50.*

MARTHA GELLHORN was employed by the government last year to investigate conditions among the unemployed. From close experience as an investigator comes the material for the four long stories in this impressive book. What she distilled as data from her investigations, she has returned to humanity by her art. Her characters are strikingly realized. She writes with sympathy and understanding, but the sympathy is without sentimentality and the understanding not dried out in arid analyses. The story of little Ruby, for example, who becomes a prostitute for a pair of roller skates, becomes in Miss Gellhorn's hands a story not disgusting or horrible, as it would have been if written by, say, Faulkner, but something very superior to horror.

She writes of Americans facing the desperate problem of living as workers in the modern capitalistic world, but trying to solve that problem as if it were an individual one. That they should fail is inevitable; it is important to recognize that their individualistic seeking for personal salvation is, in its way, also inevitable. It is a kind of necessary educational process, the end of which will be such an identification of individual and mass as we find in Malraux's Kassner.

Miss Gellhorn may, perhaps, be criticized for having stopped short. She contents herself with depicting the defeat of her characters. She does not say: they must unite—they will unite—they will find salvation in unity. That would be false to her characters in the stage in which she finds them. Miss Gellhorn wisely remembers that she is not writing about the working class as such, but only about a dozen or so people who happen to belong to it as individuals. And she can not predetermine what they will eventually do. Pete, running away from the family he cannot support, whose anger crystallizes only in impulses to violence, may become a fascist, a thief, or a class-conscious worker. Even Joe, the young union leader, strong enough not to give up the struggle when his own comrades turn against him, may never see beyond a raise in wages. But in her depiction of the failure of individualism is implicit the need for mass action. And these people, these particular people, are not beaten yet. They have what the dust-jacket proclaims as "that special American brand of courage and hope and the will to keep on living." How specially American it is doesn't matter. The important thing is that it means there is a great deal of hope for them. They are people worth saving, and certainly worth writing about.

The Trouble I've Seen is by no means a perfect book. Structurally, the stories could be strengthened. But its intimate realization of workers' lives is an unusual achievement.

CHARLES TALBOT.

Too Many Ghosts

WE HAVE BEEN WARNED, *by Naomi Mitchison. Vanguard Press. $2.75.*

COMMUNISM may be the spectre which haunts capitalist society, but the Communist himself is also, in most contemporary fiction, as much of a ghost. It is in a somewhat phantasmal form that Communists make their appearance in this novel.

Naomi Mitchison is the well known historical novelist who in the first of her novels of contemporary life has chosen to deal with

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—SAY ABOUT ONCE A YEAR
—you come across a book that bears so unmistakably the mark of genius you want to get out and tell the world about it. Such a book is
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SEVEN RED SUNDAYS"
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Who wants *charity?* where is *prosperity?*

● the social workers want to know

Prosperity? Private charity? It rhymes but it doesn't make sense. Yet the first is back, and the second must follow, so relief can stop, say the men who say they're "mobilizing for human needs."

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JOSEPHINE HERBST, *Treasurer*

Communists. She is the wife of a British Labor Party candidate, but does not share the official Labor distrust of Communists. No, she likes them very much, but when she writes about them her vision becomes curiously unfocused. In *We Have Been Warned* there are three, one a somewhat dour young Scotsman gripped, during most of the book, in extreme throes of virginity. Another is a school-mistress who gasps at the mention of babies and confesses she has been kissed only once. The third regrettably lets down this interesting conception of the Party as a kind of retreat for innocents: it is his practice to rape young women.

It would not be fair to *We Have Been Warned* to emphasize this material out of its context, were it not subtly representative of the author's whole attitude. Despite the tremendous variety of scene and incident in the book, it is primarily the story of the attempts at social readjustment of a woman of the upper class. Member of an old and wealthy Scottish family, mother of four children, many of the emotional affiliations of Dione Galton are with the traditions her socialist activities are designed to destroy.

The Revolution is to Dione a consciousness she carries within her but cannot quite visualize, like an unborn child. It permeates her thinking: after the Revolution we shall not be sexually possessive; until the Revolution it is not right for me to have another child, another hostage to safety, a luxury. She feels she ought to give herself to the young Communist because he needs the experience. She is always consciously straining to be free of bourgeois reactions; in the Soviet Union she almost pushes her husband into the arms of a beautiful Russian girl, the embodiment of socialist virtue, and they all love each other very much. But even with "two worlds in each other's arms," Tom Galton and Oksana wrestle with the emotional watchdog: we must not feel too personally, we must try to be socialists in living as well as politics.

Mrs. Mitchison is the first writer to treat this pervasive problem at length, with sympathy and understanding. It is, of course, insoluble, for one cannot truly feel in a new way until a new world is molding one. The very anxiety is typical of something which must pass. Dione hopes that if she gives herself to a "real" proletarian she will not be afraid, with that instinctive ladylike fear, of the masses. But one cannot *will* oneself out of one's class while continuing to live in it, while having an ancestral castle, a house in Oxford, servants, garden-parties. The values of those securities are strong in Dione.

The capitalist world has no values one can accept, says Mrs. Mitchison in effect, but it has a tremendous hold even on those who work for revolution. It pulls one back not only with things like houses and gardens and safety for one's children, but with the very implements of one's thinking. Similar cross-currents of motivation are powerfully operating today in progressives of all degree, and *We Have Been Warned* is important for the detailed imagination and rare honesty which it brings to the subject. It is also very much a woman's book, filled with difficulties which are more acute for women than for men.

Perhaps it is this femininely personal aura which makes Dione's philosophic skirmishes seem somewhat too slender a thread to support a book of such large scope, which makes room, in addition to personal situations, for the campaign for parliament, the Hunger March, Labor socials, travels in the Soviet, melodrama like the rape, a fight in Hyde Park, smuggling a political murderer out of the country. All this is too much, especially as it is too toned down by a perhaps deliberate monotone of mood and style, for the omnipresent feeling of impending revolution to hold it together. This sense of impending revolution never takes a clean form. These subdued and respectable workers are not the ones to make it; and the Galtons are not their leaders.

Dione's mixture of feelings at a Communist meeting is characteristic: "There was the sense of inferiority, that these were serious people, the ones who didn't compromise, the Bolsheviki, and there was also the sense that it wasn't completely real." Mrs. Mitchison is compelled to emphasize this alienation by making her Communists unreal. If the materials of revolution do not fit into one's particular world, they are inconceivable. It is this essential withholding which makes Communists unimaginable characters to many modern writers. Especially if the tools of revolution are to be parliamentary measures, education, and a "change of heart."

Even Dione's piercing doubts at the end of the book take the form of fantasy rather than of the ominous realities of the life around her. She sees the fascist counter-revolution in all its horror, but she sees it in a mystic vision through a charmed Stone possessed by the Family Ghost. We have been warned, she cries, but another kind of family ghost is too much with her. The warning is against no tangibly mistaken policy. It is a spectral muttering rising from a representative of that Party which now finds the Conservative attitude toward Spain "an unpleasant surprise."

MARJORIE BRACE.

Phony Make-Believe

MIDNIGHT, *by Julian Green. Harper & Bros.* $2.50.

FRANZ KAFKA'S *The Castle,* published in America some six years ago, may well be considered the father of all "search" novels. To say that Mr. Green's *tour de force* in the country of make-them-believe-make-believe, *Midnight,* is inferior to Kafka's book, is to put the case mildly. Where *The Castle* moves ahead under the press of a logical exposition, *Midnight* staggers back and forth in the perilous lanes of fake spiritualism.

Elizabeth, the protagonist and idea-rack, is a simple, lovable girl—practically every male character in the book has sought out her mind

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before the end is reached. (Very few men in Julian Green's novels ever seek out a girl's hand when there is a good soul or mind to be sought.) Elizabeth's mother dies in the first chapter, by her own hand; this precipitates a long sequence of I-loved-your-mother, now-I-love-you events.

This second-hand devotion finally takes Elizabeth to Frontfroide, a castle on a hill. Here everyone prowls about and scowls; here everyone is forever just coming out of a sound sleep or going into one; here everything is strange, other-worldly, grotesque: we meet madmen, clumsy saints, embittered old women, and Peeping Toms of the soul. And after many, many pages of just missing what it's all about, Mr. Green explains. *We are remembering something that could never, never happen!*

It is all so reminiscent of that big box with a big hole in it: the hole was so big that what started out as a box with a hole in it ended finally as a hole without a box around it.

There has yet to be invented a ouija board that can supplant a pen or typewriter.

KENNETH PATCHEN.

De Delta Lan'

GREEN MARGINS, *by E. P. O'Donnell. Houghton Mifflin Co.* $2.50.

MR. O'DONNELL, in his Houghton Mifflin Fellowship Prize Novel, the Book-of-the-Month selection for October, has presented us with an admirable example of the organic interplay of character and environment. The delta land of the Mississippi is his literary discovery, and the book throbs with its rich tropical life. The great river with its currents and backwashes and its burden of thick, fecund soil; the burning sky with its violent storms and flights of migrating birds; the marshes and bayous with mink, otter, and alligator; and the land itself, behind the levees, with its figs and oranges and lilies and its thick web of vines and Spanish moss—all pass before us in an extraordinarily vivid and colorful picture. The inhabitants are well enough aware of this great wealth and promise, and three men in the book aspire to local leadership in developing the Lower River and protecting it from northern exploitation. But Mocco is infirm of purpose, and his coöperative of orange-growers collapses; Grampaw dies with his oyster-diggers only partly organized; and chance robs Mitch of his opportunity.

The people are of primary interest to the author, no mere excuse for a description of setting. They are of many races, Acadian French, Dalmatians, Slavonians, Negroes, Filipinos, and the central problem of the novel is the growth and development of Nicolene Kalavich in terms of races, personalities, and environment. With nothing of her father, whose sour and brooding self-pity is a slow suicide, with little of her brother, with his endless plans and brief ambitions which come to nothing, she inherits from her remarkable grandfather a sound, shrewd core of objectivity and independence. With this core, surrounded by great sensitivity, she wins through events and human relationships to happiness and a full life. She gains much from Loretta, and more from René, but she recognizes the one as a charming and shallow lady bountiful and the other as an unsatisfactory adjustment of mind and matter, an artist hurrying, hurrying, to keep ahead of his time, and is not deflected by either of them from her proper fulfillment.

If the closing section of the novel causes the reader any surprise or disappointment, the fault is his own. Certainly wider interests and broader values are suggested throughout the central portion of the book. But Nicolene is consistently an intense individualist. Her interest in the coöperatives is entirely for the sake of her grandfather, her brother, her husband. She can see herself in relation to nature, but, always introspective, she views events and people only in relation to herself. As her story draws to a close, it is fitting that she should be absorbed exclusively in herself and her husband and the delicately balanced and clearly drawn relationship between them.

Mr. O'Donnell's prose is lucid and supple, and though at times it works too hard for decorative effects, it can be at once melodious and pithy. And one can have nothing but praise for the thorough understanding and sensitive portrayal of the heroine.

ROBERT CONYNE.

★

Recommended for Children

PALACES ON MONDAY, *by Marjorie Fischer. Illustrated. Random House.* $2.

Marjorie Fischer follows up her success in *Street Fair,* a charming book of adventures of American children, traveling in France, with *Palaces on Monday,* the adventures of American children in the Soviet Union. Peter and Judy, however, are not tourists. Their father, an engineer, jobless in America, has found a job in the Soviet Union and they go to join him. All the adventure here is solidly pivoted on a base of realism and gains much by that fact. It would be hard to think of a better way of bringing to children, through books, a comprehension of the new world of the U.S.S.R.

THE STORY OF ENGLISH LIFE, *by Annabel Williams-Ellis and F. J. Fisher. Illustrated from photographs and drawings and charts by Wilma Hickson. Coward, McCann.* $3.75.

Informative and readable. Intended for older children and by at least one test made by this reviewer, successful in its intention. A history not of the listed kings but of the people of England; not of battles but of the continuing, changing, and ever fascinating struggle of the English people for a better life. What the usual history leaves out, softens, or lies about, is here presented with grace and vitality. It is not likely that a better children's book in its field will appear this year or for several years.

TURNING NIGHT INTO DAY, *by M. Ilin. Translated by Beatrice Kinkead. Illustrated by N. Lapshin. Lippincott.* $1.00.

Ilin's genius for popularizing knowledge, which made his *New Russia's Soviet Primer* an international best seller read by adults as well as the chil-

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dren for whom it was intended, is demonstrated afresh in this book. It is the story of how man conquered darkness, from the time when he got light from bonfires on his parlor floor to the neon lights of today and the not improbable future when the firefly's secret will have been learnt and summer nights, indoors, need not be torturing under heat-radiating bulbs.

TALES FROM GRIMM, *translated and illustrated by Wanda Gág. Coward-McCann.* $1.50.

Wanda Gág's drawings in themselves are enough to recommend the book. It is a pleasure to add that her translations are a comparable achievement. Her *Tales from Grimm* deserves to become the standard version.

★

Also Published This Week

(A listing of important new books not necessarily recommended.)

'T Ain't Right, by Westbrook Pegler. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50. Collection of Pegler columns.

Kit Brandon, by Sherwood Anderson. Scribner's. $2.50. Novel.

Time in the Rock, by Conrad Aiken. Scribner's. $2.50. Poetry.

Death of a Man, by Kay Boyle. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. Political novel with Austrian background.

Picking America's Pockets, by David L. Cohn. Harper. $2.75. The cost and consequences of America's tariff policy.

A Prayer for My Son, by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50. Novel.

Great Laughter, by Fannie Hurst. Harper. $2.50. Novel.

The Yellow Spot: The Extermination of the Jews in Germany. Knight Publications. $3. Documentary study.

The Stones Awake, by Carleton Beals. Lippincott. $2.50. Novel of Mexico.

Ward Eight, by Joseph F. Dinneen. Harper. $2.50. Political and sociological novel with Boston Irish characters.

Best Plays of 1935-36, by Burns Mantle. Dodd, Mead. $3.00.

Recently Recommended

Three Score, by Sarah N. Cleghorn. Random House. $3. Autobiography.

Rubber: A Story of Glory and Greed, by Howard and Ralph Wolf. Covici, Friede. $4.25.

Seventy Years of It: An Autobiography, by Edward Alsworth Ross. Appleton-Century. $3.

Was College Worth While?, by John R. Tunis. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

Now That April's Here, by Morley Callaghan. Random House. $2. Short stories.

Hitler, by Konrad Heiden. Knopf. $3.

The Bells of Basel, by Louis Aragon. Translated from the French by Haakon M. Chevalier. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. Revolutionary novel.

Hail Cæsar, by David Darrah. Hale, Cushman & Flint. $2.50. Observations on Fascist Italy.

A Time to Remember, by Leane Zugsmith. Random House. $2.50. Book Union selection.

The Rise of Liberalism, by Harold J. Laski. Harper. $3. Political science.

The People, Yes, by Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. Poetry.

The Flowering of New England, by Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton. $4. Criticism.

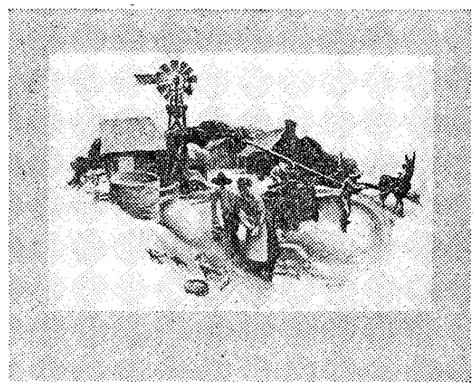
The Olive Field, by Ralph Bates. Dutton. $2.50. Novel.

Eyes on Japan, by Victor A. Yakhontoff. Coward McCann. $3.50. International relations.

The Big Money, by John Dos Passos. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. Novel.

Skutarevsky, by Leonid Leonov. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. Novel.

Essays, Ancient and Modern, by T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace. $2. Criticism.



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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Toscanini records the Seventh—A housewife and a queen—Turgidity in the Tyrol

THE combination of Toscanini conducting the Philharmonic in the Beethoven Seventh under conditions approximating the ideal should certainly be considered one of the great triumphs of the phonograph industry. Merely as an engineering feat the new recording surpasses anything I have ever heard emanating from any country; there are no other records with so great a dynamic range or such fidelity to tone and balance.

With the exception of the first part of the first movement, which even Toscanini cannot infuse with vitality, the Seventh symphony ranks with the greatest of Beethoven. The phonograph has captured every detail of the conductor's performance; his perfect rhythm, his dynamics, and his vigor. This album is undoubtedly the greatest symphonic recording of all time and very nearly the greatest music (Victor M-317).

To appreciate the loss of Toscanini to the American concert world one must hear the new records of the Mozart E-flat major piano concerto played by Edwin Fischer and conducted by John Barbirolli, the new leader of the Philharmonic. Barbirolli, who is a 'cellist of modest attainments and a musician of great taste, seems wholly lacking in the qualities needed to direct and subdue the prima donnas in our greatest orchestra. In this Mozart, where both delicacy and firmness are vitally important in the conductor, one hears an orchestra apparently without the slightest distinction in tone and with no feeling for rhythmic precision. Fischer's performance is adversely affected by this lack of support, and the charming score loses most of its appeal. Inasmuch as most of the Barbirolli appearances with the Philharmonic this winter are going to be in conjunction with distinguished soloists, these records lead us to fear the worst (Victor M-316).

The third of the Victor albums this month presents Hephzibah Menuhin and her brother, Yehudi, playing the new Enesco sonata in A-minor. The wonderful ensemble between the two Menuhins needs no description, but here, as in concert, one feels greater simplicity and integrity on the part of the piano than the violin. The music is essentially simple and direct folk material, which Yehudi unnecessarily intellectualizes. There are passages where the abandon of a gypsy fiddler would be welcome. Among concert violinists only Szigeti seems to possess the proper fervor for this music. In concert Hephzibah often gives the impression of deliberately subduing herself so that her brother may receive the attention. In these records, though, she plays without inhibitions; in the last movement particularly she has by far the more vigor (Victor M-318).

Among the single records of the month the particular gem is Marian Anderson's version of Handel's *Te Deum,* backed by Handel's *Chio Mai Vi Possa Lasciar d'amare.* While the simplicity of the former is profoundly moving, the Italian song gives her better opportunity to display her magnificent control, extraordinary range, and unfailing taste. The accompaniments of Kosti Vehanen are painfully ragged (Victor 1767).

The October Columbia list has not yet been received for review. Outstanding in an imposing list of albums is Beecham's recording of the Brahms Second, the Roth Quartet's rerecording of the Haydn C-major quartet (Opus 33, No. 3) they originally made some years ago for Edison, and a complete recording of Gluck's opera *Orpheus.* There is also a Gieseking gem and Yella Pessl's harpsichord playing of Handel's G-major chaconne.

HENRY JOHNSON.

Dau

"We guarantee he's not a W.P.A. artist. Hearst wrote him up."

THE SCREEN

GEORGE Kelly's Pulitzer prize play of 1926, *Craig's Wife,* was a kind of modern *Hedda Gabler.* It is the study of a woman who represses all normal feeling in an exaggerated passion for the honor of her name and the security of her house. For Mrs. Craig, her home is not only a sanctuary against the rigors of the world outside, but an extension of her ego, the center and symbol of her struggle for self-preservation.

This was valid in George Kelly's play because Mrs. Craig was presented as a frigid middle-class woman in a modest suburban home. That home was for her a barrier against poverty, a guarantee against sliding down to the next level in the social scale where people own no homes.

In the film version of Mrs. Craig the whole meaning of the play has been altered by the setting. Here Mrs. Craig lives in an elaborate mansion such as only a millionaire's wife could have. Result: profound contradictions in the story. Only one brief dialogue indicates the source of Mrs. Craig's neurotic pattern; her mother had died of a broken heart because her father had lost their home by mortgaging it to keep another woman. Now a millionaire's wife may be, and often is, neurotic; but her anxiety does not, as a rule, center about the ritual of housekeeping and the fetish of cleanliness. In the mansion, as distinguished from the suburban home, housekeeping and cleanliness are the business of a retinue of servants. In a millionaire's palace, even the most expensive vase can be replaced when broken; but in the suburban cottage the broken vase can represent a very real tragedy.

It is a pity that the film's director, in her desire for an astonishing setting—even though in this case it happens to be a beautiful setting—has destroyed the essence of a genuine middle-class drama.

CHARMION VON WIEGAND.

THAT THE Hollywood-Maxwell Anderson-John Ford film, *Mary of Scotland,* was a shoddy, pretentious, and over-rated film becomes increasingly apparent on viewing the Gaumont-British *Nine Days a Queen.* Where the Hollywood film is overloaded with costumes and pseudo-dramatic lighting the British film is kept within the bounds of simplicity and good taste. Where the Hollywood version was saturated with overacting the London film is full of skillful dramaturgy and sensitive

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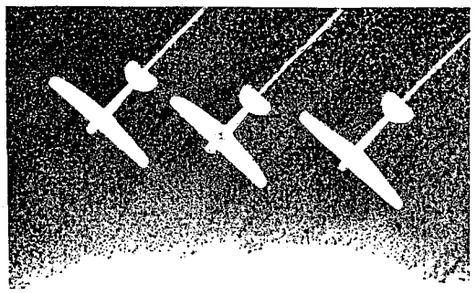

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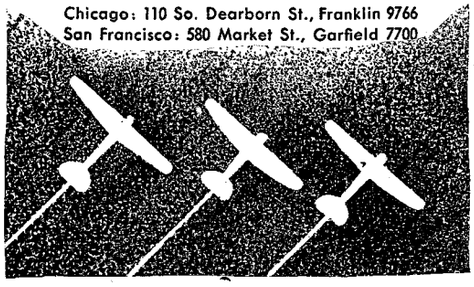

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acting by all members of the cast, especially Nova Pilbeam and Cedric Hardwicke. And finally, where the American film was overloaded with romantic nonsense, *Nine Days a Queen* possesses some historical validity.

It is the story of Lady Jane Grey, pawn for political and religious plotters. Following the death of Henry VIII, she was forced to take the throne for a period which lasted only nine days and was then executed by order of the person Maxwell Anderson so romantically apotheosized, Queen Mary. The love element is in the "romance" between the Earl of Warwick's (the chief plotter) son and the girl queen. (She was sixteen years of age when she was executed.)

Robert Stevenson, the film's author and director, has attempted to give us a feeling of the period, especially in the people's reaction to the political game, but the film still suffers from the apologetic tradition of historical cinema. The portrait of Lady Jane Grey is essentially thin and superficial. The film presents her merely as an unhappy little girl who was forced to take the throne much against her will. What she really wanted was to get off into the country with her husband. But one never gets the feeling, for instance, that Lady Jane Grey was one of the most amazing women in history, that she was one of the most educated and learned women of her time. And as in *Mary of Scotland,* the important religious issues of the period are played down.

PETER ELLIS.

THE THEATER

A COUPLE of old traditions got a knock on the head in the presentation of *White Horse Inn,* the Tyrolean super-musical at the Center Theater in New York. One is the tradition of *White Horse Inn* itself. We have been hearing since 1933 that some day Erik Charell's masterpiece would come to America, and year after year the hope has been perpetuated by theater commentators that the decline of the American bourgeoisie would cease long enough for someone to take heart and put it on. This wish-dream had taken on the proportions of a tradition. The other tradition is that there's a lilt to life in the Tyrol, and plenty of sparkling tunes.

Well, it must be regretfully reported that *White Horse Inn* is merely a grander version of the stage "presentations" which go on at the Radio City Music Hall across the way. There are a dozen songs and only a couple of them worth singing or dancing to. There are fifty wisecracks and only a couple that aren't duds. There are gorgeous costumes and sets and it all seems so unnecessary. Erik Charell, you feel, might just as well go back where he came from, and stop libeling life in the Tyrol. Of the principals, Kitty Carlisle sang nicely and looked atractive and didn't ham. William Gaxton, alas, had nothing to do. Buster West helped a little. *White Horse Inn* is by no means as bad as predecessors in its tradition, *The Great Waltz,* for example, but

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that's faint praise. And think of all that money and hard work!

The Federal Theater Project's *Horse Eats Hat,* on the other hand, provides a wildly entertaining evening. True, a lot of the entertainment comes from contemplation of the hair-raising lack of restraint on the part of the director, but it is still entertainment. Based on the old French farce which René Clair made into a silent movie, this stage production goes leaps and bounds ahead of Clair in directorial audacity—and also, it must be remarked, in another kind of daring. Don't take junior if he's an expert in the *double-entendre.* But go yourself and see again what a permanent federal theater might do toward helping to raise the level of dramatic imagination in this country. Incidentally, much of the acting was grand.

Bright Honor and *So Proudly We Hail* were plays by graduates of military schools who Told All, or nearly all. One of the authors was a Staunton graduate, which ought to be a revelation to Mr. Wolcott Gibbs, who, in reviewing these plays for the *New Yorker,* remarked that there seemed to be an overstatement of the horrors of such schools. He concluded that the school being written about couldn't be a very expensive one. Joseph Viertel (which is not his right name) wrote the bitterer piece of the two, and as a consequence the more interesting one. Both lacked credible characterization and a logical sequence of events. It is too bad Mr. Viertel's *So Proudly We Hail* had to close; what he had to say was important even though he said it ineptly. Perhaps lack of ability to hold on forced the closure, because the producing firm of James R. Ullman closed its other play, *Stork Mad,* which seemed likely to get a fair trade, the same day.

The Path of Flowers, by Valentin Katayev, produced by the Federal Theater Project, is a Soviet play by courtesy only. It is really a fairly funny comedy about an international type—the Greenwich Village literary bohemian who thinks he's a revolutionist and a herald of the New Order. The setting is present-day Moscow, and the action revolves around this misfit's ability to get himself and those around him into jam after jam. The situations, however, are characteristic of modern Russia, and therefore show some interesting facets of Soviet life. A. W. T.

★

The Radio

(Times given are Eastern Standard, but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups. Readers are asked to report at once any anti-working-class bias expressed by these artists or their sponsors.)

FORTHCOMING BROADCASTS

Dr. J. P. Warbasse, president of the Coöperative League, Thurs., Oct. 8, 3:30 p.m., Columbia.

Earl Browder, Communist Party presidential candidate. Fri., Oct. 9, 10:45 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Consumers. The General Federation of Women's Clubs and the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture in a program addressed to consumers. Tues., Oct. 13, 14, 4:45 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Carnegie Art Institute. Announcement of winners of International Art Exhibition. Wed., Oct. 14, 10 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Raymond L. Buell, Foreign Policy Assn., speaking

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FOOTBALL

Fordham-Southern Methodist. Husing and Dolan at the mike. Sat., Oct. 10, 2:15 p.m., Columbia.

Minnesota-Nebraska. Sat., Oct. 10, 2:45 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Illinois-Southern California. Sat., Oct. 10, 2:45 p.m., N.B.C. red.

REGULAR FEATURES

Seattle Symphony Orchestra, with Cameron conducting, Thursdays at 8 p.m., Columbia.

Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Barlow conducting. Sundays at 3 p.m., Columbia.

Bruna Castagna. Saturdays at 9 p.m., Columbia.

Fred Astaire and Johnny Green's Orchestra. Tuesdays at 9:30 p.m., N.B.C. red.

Rudy Vallée's Varieties. Thursdays at 8 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Waring's Pennsylvanians. Fridays at 9 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Burns and Allen. Wednesdays at 8:30 p.m., Columbia.

Willie and Eugene Howard. Wednesdays at 8:30 p.m.. N.B.C. blue.

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Benny Goodman Quartet. "Dinah" and "Moonglow" played with lots of imagination on Victor 25398.

Henry Allen, Jr., and His Orchestra. A great Negro trumpet player with some other talented musicians give us "When Did You Leave Heaven?" and "Algiers Stomp" (Vocalion 3302).

The Screen

WORTH SEEING

Greater Promise (Cameo, N.Y.). A new Amkino picture on life in Biro-Bidjan, the Jewish autonomous region in the U.S.S.R.

My Man Godfrey. William Powell and Carole Lombard in a slick amusing picture.

Dodsworth. Sinclair Lewis's story pretty well done.

La Kermesse Héroique (Filmarte, 202 W. 58, N.Y.). This film won the Grand Prix du Cinema in France and is funny besides. A swell labor short, *Millions of Us,* was dropped from the same program.

Sing Baby Sing. Those vaudevillians, the Ritz brothers, make this one of the funniest films in months.

The General Died at Dawn. Clifford Odets's first screen play, dealing with civil war in China, with Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll.

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The Theater

THUMBS UP

Hamlet (Empire, N. Y., Thurs., Oct. 8). Guthrie McClintic's production with Joan Gielgud as Hamlet, Lillian Gish as Ophelia, Judith Anderson as the queen, and Arthur Byron as Polonius.

Boy Meets Girl (Cort, N. Y.). Sam and Bella Spewack write about the Hollywood cuckoos.

Dead End (Belasco, N. Y.). New York's slum kids realistically treated by Sidney Kingsley.

Gilbert & Sullivan (Martin Beck, N. Y.). The Rupert D'Oyly Carte company in superlative production of the Savoy operettas. *Patience,* which will continue through Saturday, Oct. 10, will be followed by a week's run of *Princess Ida.*

Horse Eats Hat (Maxine Elliott, N. Y.). The Federal Theater Project adapts the French farce you may have seen as the René Clair film *The Horse Ate the Hat.* Hair-raising hilarity.

Idiot's Delight (Shubert, N. Y.). Robert Sherwood's anti-war comedy, with Lunt and Fontanne.

Injunction Granted! (Biltmore, N. Y.). The Living Newspaper W.P.A. project in an episodic history of American labor struggles.

On Your Toes (Imperial, N. Y.). Rodgers and Hart songs, plus Ray Bolger and Tamara Geva.

The Path of Flowers (Daly's N. Y.). Valentine Katayev's Soviet social satire in an amusing production by the W.P.A. Experimental Theater.

FAIR AND COOLER

White Horse Inn (Center Theater, N. Y.). Erik Charell's musical bonanza come to America at last, with William Gaxton and Kitty Carlisle.

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Another Place. Paintings by James Lechay, exhibit opening Oct. 10.

HERE AND THERE

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Of NEW MASSES, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1936.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Dora Jacobson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Secretary of the Weekly Masses Co., Inc., publishers of New Masses, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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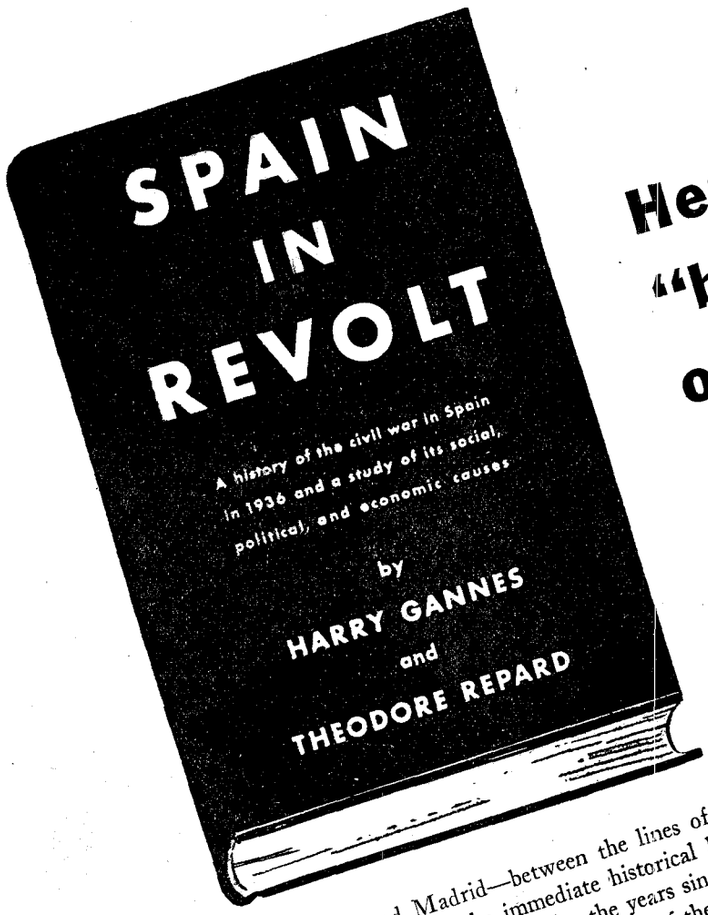

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Please send "Spain in Revolt" and NEW MASSES for one year, as indicated below. I enclose $5.25 in full payment for both, in accordance with your special offer.

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